CRIME AND JUSTICE
CRIME and JUSTICE
10¢
NO 8
WELL, MR. CHASE, YA FOUND OUT THE CAR IS SOLID GOLD! TOO BAD IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD NOW!
SPLAT!
LET PETE DRILL HIM, BOSS! WE'LL TAKE MRS. CHASE WITH US!
LET ME PLUG 'IM, BOSS!

KILLER CLUES

YOU BE THE DETECTIVE!

EMERY STONE THE VICTIM. A SCROOGE TYPE OF CHARACTER WHO CARED ABOUT NO ONE BUT HIMSELF!

JOSEPH GROFF CIGAR SMOKING BUSINESS PARTNER OF EMERY'S. HE STOOD TO GAIN THE OTHER HALF OF THE SUCCESSFUL HARDWARE FIRM. WAS ***VERY*** FOND OF...

LILLY STONE EMERY'S BEAUTIFUL AND FLIRTATIOUS WIFE. SHE LIKED MONEY, PARTIES, CLOTHES AND MORE MONEY. ALSO, SHE WAS SOLE BENEFICIARY IN EMERY'S $100,000 INSURANCE POLICY!

DON COPPER EMERY'S RIVAL... NOT ONLY IN THE HARDWARE BUSINESS... BUT FOR LILI'S AFFECTIONS!

ALLAN COLE HANDLED FINANCES AND THE BOOKS IN THE STONE-GROFF HARDWARE FIRM. SURE... HE HAD JUGGLED THE BOOKS AROUND TO THE TUNE OF $67,000... BUT SO FAR IT HADN'T BEEN DISCOVERED.

JIM FAGER UNDERPAID HANDY MAN AND CHAUFFEUR TO EMERY STONE!

IT HAD BEEN RAINING FOR ABOUT TWO HOURS BEFORE THE DEATH WAS DISCOVERED AT 3 AM BY THE COP ON THE BEAT. HE HAD CHECKED ON THE LIGHT STILL BURNING AT THE FIRM'S REAR OFFICE WINDOW AND CONTACTED THE POLICE STATION FROM HIS CALL BOX SINCE ALL THE DOORS AT THE HARDWARE COMPANY WERE LOCKED. EVERYONE CONCERNED IN THE CASE WAS LATER ROUSED OUT OF BED AND QUESTIONED.

CLUE: (LETTER) "DEAR LIL, I HAVE COME TO A DECISION WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL UNDERSTAND..."
THIS IS THE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE ANYTHING WHATSOEVER WAS DISTURBED.
CLUE: HALF SMOKED CIGAR... CRUMPLED LIPSTICK SMEARED CIGARETTE.
CLUE: LUMP ON BACK OF HEAD.
CLUE: GUN BELONGS TO GROFF.

I LEFT AT ELEVEN PM. AND MR. STONE WAS STILL ARGUING WITH HIS WIFE IN HIS OFFICE.
LIL AND I LEFT TOGETHER AT ABOUT MIDNIGHT AND THEN WENT TO THE FLAMINGO CLUB. HE WAS STILL WORKING!
HE SAID HE'D COMMIT SUICIDE IF I LEFT HIM.

I WAS MR. GROFF'S WAITER AT THE FLAMINGO CLUB AND I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING EITHER OF THEM LEAVE TILL ABOUT 3:30
I WAS TO HAVE PICKED UP MR. STONE AT ELEVEN TONIGHT BUT HE CALLED UP AND SAID HE WOULD TAKE A TAXI... AND THAT I SHOULD GO TO SLEEP.

WHO OR WHOM ARE THE KILLERS?
OR MAYBE IT ***WAS*** SUICIDE?
TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWER..

THE DEATH OCCURRED BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND THREE AM. AND IT WASN'T SUICIDE SINCE THERE ARE NO POWDER BURNS ON EMERY'S HAND AND THE SCUFF MARKS ON THE RUG INDICATE HE WAS DRAGGED THERE. THE KILLER, EVIDENTLY A PERSON WHO HAD THE KEYS TO THE OFFICE SINCE ALL THE DOORS WERE LOCKED, ENTERED ABOUT ONE AM... AFTER IT HAD STARTED RAINING, EVIDENCED BY THE DAMP TRACKS ON THE RUG. THE KILLER SNEAKED IN... CAUGHT EMERY BY SURPRISE WRITING A LETTER TO HIS WIFE TELLING OF HIS INTENTIONS TO DIVORCE HER. HE HIT STONE ON THE HEAD WITH THE GUN GROFF KEPT IN HIS DESK AND ARRANGED AN APPARENT SUICIDE. HE KNEW THE POLICE WERE SMART ENOUGH TO SEE THROUGH IT AND PUSHED EVIDENCE POINTING TO GROFF AND MAYBE MRS. STONE... BUT MOTHER NATURE GAVE MR. ALLAN COLE AWAY!

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MIKE REARDON AND HIS GANG HAD CAREFULLY PLANNED TO LOOT THE WESTERN GOLD REFINING COMPANY OF A FORTUNE IN THE PRECIOUS METAL AND THEN SMUGGLE IT ABROAD. BUT THEY FORGOT THAT *MR. AND MRS. CHASE* MIGHT GET INTO THE PICTURE AND UPSET THEIR PLANS!

SMUGGLER!

MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING. AND DON'T FORGET MY SHARE!

DON'T WORRY, TOM! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET *EVERYTHING* THAT'S COMING TO YOU!

THIS LOOKS SIMPLE! EVERYTHING SHOULD GO LIKE CLOCKWORK! WHEN IS THIS TOM FELLOW GOING TO SHOW UP?

HE OUGHT TO BE HERE ANY MINUTE. MIKE REARDON DOESN'T LIKE TO WAIT FOR ANY GUY OR DAME

TOM HURLEY, EMPLOYED BY THE WESTERN GOLD REFINING CO, ENTERED AT THAT MOMENT...

WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT HERE! WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE BECOME CHICKEN!

TRAFFIC ON MAIN STREET IS GETTING IMPOSSIBLE! SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING!

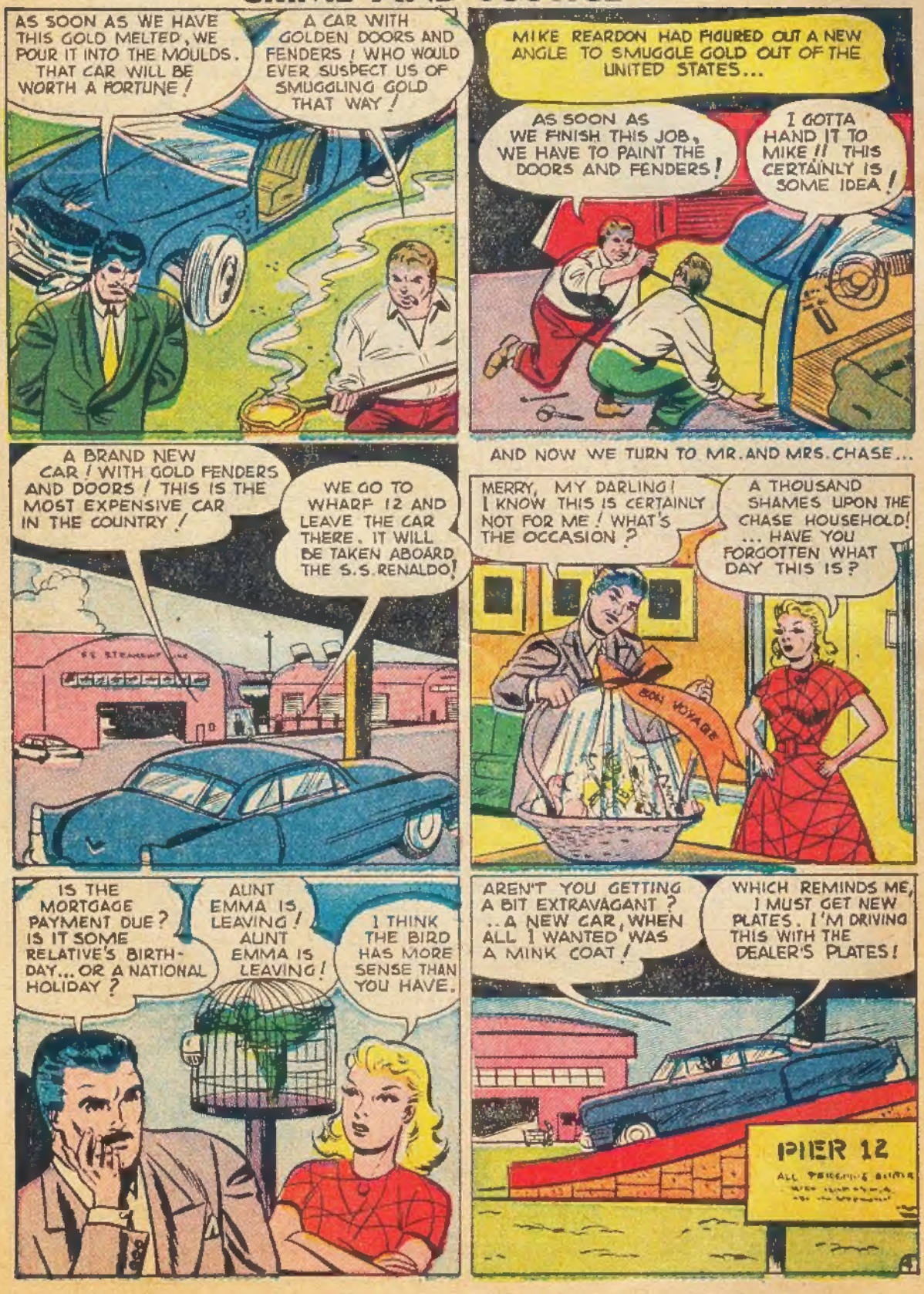
CRIME AND JUSTICE

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT THE GOLD WILL BE IN THE VAULT. I SAW THE SHIPPING PAPERS IN THE MAIN OFFICE!
WE GOT EVERYTHING SET. NO SLIP-UP ON OUR PARTS...AND THERE SHOULD BE NONE ON YOUR PART!
REMEMBER! YOU MUST MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING! I WILL SAY YOU TORTURED ME!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHO WILL QUESTION YOU! WHEN MIKE TAKES CARE OF THINGS, THERE ARE NO AFTER PROBLEMS!
I'VE BEEN HERE TOO LONG! TOLD MY WIFE I WANTED TO SHOP IN THE NEW STORE ON MAIN STREET! DON'T FORGET MY SHARE!
DON'T WORRY, I TELL YOU! WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU! BETTER GET BACK TO YOUR MISSUS!
GUYS LIKE THIS TOM FELLOW GIVE ME A PAIN IN THE NECK! WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH THEY RAT ON YOU!
YEAH... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! HE SHOULD ONLY KNOW HOW!
WELL! HERE WE ARE! NOW THINGS HAVE TO RUN LIKE CLOCKWORK! NO ERRORS WHEN WE PLAY FOR BIG STAKES!
FIRST THING WE DO IS TAKE CARE OF THE WATCHMAN! IN TEN MINUTES HE ENTERS THE BACK DOOR ON HIS ROUNDS OF THE PLACE. C'MON!
WESTERN
DRAG HIM INSIDE AND THEN CLOSE THE DOOR! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM WHEN HE WAKES UP!
MAYBE YOU SHOULD HAVE SAID IF HE WAKES UP! I THINK THAT CRACK DENTED HIS SKULL!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

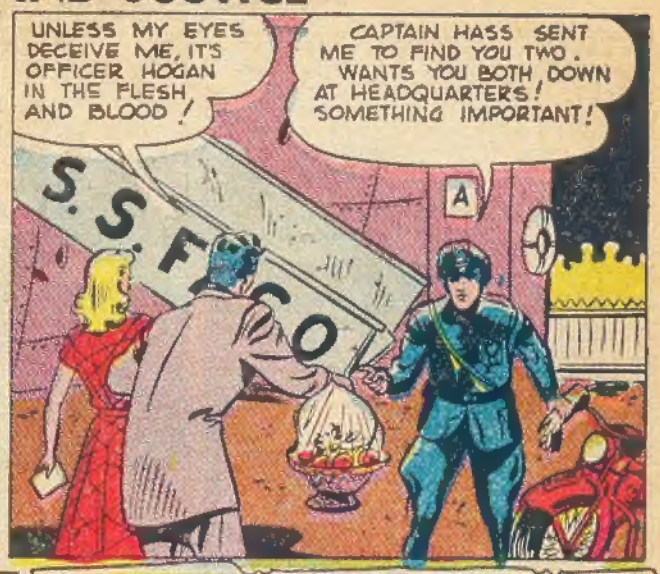
GLAD YOU OFFERED TO STAY HERE WITH ME TONIGHT! NOT THAT ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN, BUT JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE.
STOP KIDDING ME, WILL YOU! THIS PLACE IS SAFER THAN THE U.S. TREASURY!
WELL! THAT TAKES CARE OF OUR SECOND CUSTOMER! HE'LL BE COUNTING SHEEP FOR A LONG TIME!
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO HIT HIM SO HARD, DID YOU? SORT OF FELT THAT BLOW MYSELF!
DON'T RUSH ME! I KNOW THE COMBINATION BY HEART! JUST FEEL A BIT NERVOUS, THAT'S ALL!
COME ON! DO YOU THINK WE HAVE ALL YEAR TO DO THIS JOB? OPEN IT UP... AND FAST!
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING, MIKE... AND DON'T FORGET MY SHARE!
DON'T WORRY, TOM! WE WOULDN'T CHEAT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE!
THIS IS THE LAST OF THE GOLD, MIKE! WE BETTER START GETTING OUT OF THIS PLACE!
WHICH REMINDS ME! GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!
WE WOULDN'T FORGET YOU, TOM! HERE'S YOUR SHARE OF THE LOOT! TOO BAD IT'S IN LEAD AND NOT IN GOLD!
IF HE EVER WANTS TO SING, IT CAN'T BE IN THIS WORLD! WE'LL SPLIT HIS SHARE AMONG US!
BLAM
13

CRIME AND JUSTICE


AS SOON AS WE HAVE THIS GOLD MELTED, WE POUR IT INTO THE MOULDS. THAT CAR WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE!
A CAR WITH GOLDEN DOORS AND FENDERS! WHO WOULD EVER SUSPECT US OF SMUGGLING GOLD THAT WAY!
MIKE REARDON HAD FIGURED OUT A NEW ANGLE TO SMUGGLE GOLD OUT OF THE UNITED STATES...
AS SOON AS WE FINISH THIS JOB, WE HAVE TO PAINT THE DOORS AND FENDERS!
I GOTTA HAND IT TO MIKE!! THIS CERTAINLY IS SOME IDEA!
A BRAND NEW CAR! WITH GOLD FENDERS AND DOORS! THIS IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE CAR IN THE COUNTRY!
WE GO TO WHARF 12 AND LEAVE THE CAR THERE. IT WILL BE TAKEN ABOARD THE S.S. RENALDO!
AND NOW WE TURN TO MR. AND MRS. CHASE...
MERRY, MY DARLING! I KNOW THIS IS CERTAINLY NOT FOR ME! WHAT'S THE OCCASION?
A THOUSAND SHAMES UPON THE CHASE HOUSEHOLD! ... HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT DAY THIS IS?
BON VOYAGE
IS THE MORTGAGE PAYMENT DUE? IS IT SOME RELATIVE'S BIRTHDAY... OR A NATIONAL HOLIDAY?
AUNT EMMA IS LEAVING! AUNT EMMA IS LEAVING!
I THINK THE BIRD HAS MORE SENSE THAN YOU HAVE.
AREN'T YOU GETTING A BIT EXTRAVAGANT? .. A NEW CAR, WHEN ALL I WANTED WAS A MINK COAT!
WHICH REMINDS ME, I MUST GET NEW PLATES. I'M DRIVING THIS WITH THE DEALER'S PLATES!
PIER 12

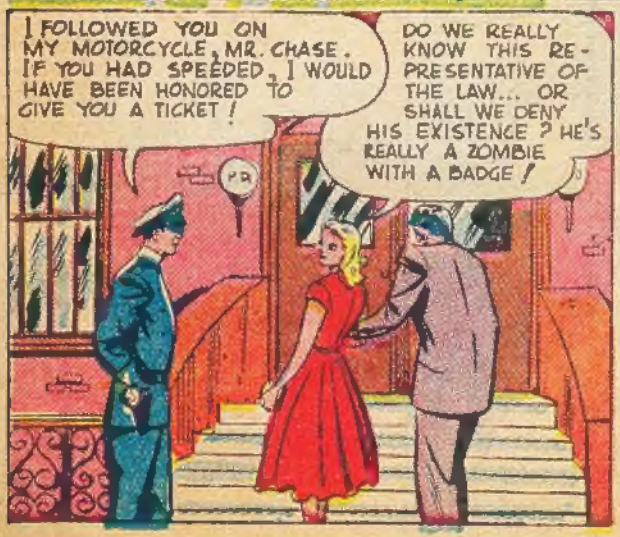
CRIME AND JUSTICE

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE SAD OR GLAD THAT AUNT EMMA IS TAKING THIS TRIP ABROAD!
AT LEAST IT WILL DO US SOME GOOD NOT TO HEAR HER COMPLAIN ABOUT EVERYTHING AND EVERY PERSON IN THIS SMALL WORLD!
PARK


UNLESS MY EYES DECEIVE ME, IT'S OFFICER HOGAN IN THE FLESH AND BLOOD!
CAPTAIN HASS SENT ME TO FIND YOU TWO. WANTS YOU BOTH DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS! SOMETHING IMPORTANT!
S.S.F.CO
A

I KNOW YOU BOTH MUST BE UNDER ARREST! SOMETHING TERRIBLE I SUPPOSE... MURDER, ARSON ... OR BOTH!
I WISH THE PARROT WERE HERE! HE'D KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS SITUATION!

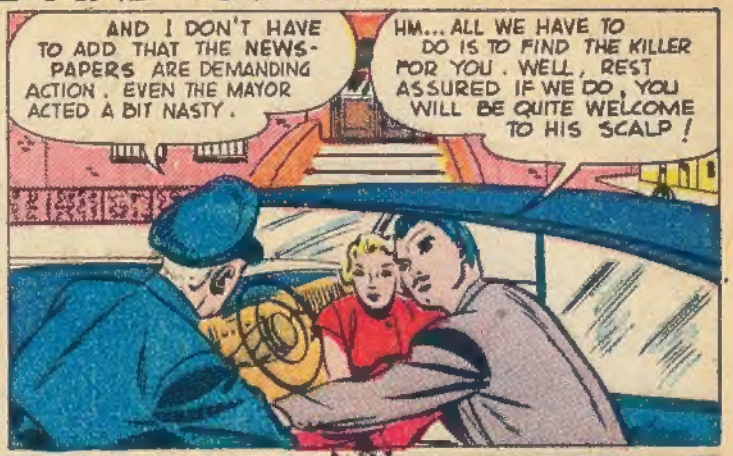
BUT UPON RETURNING TO THE PARKING AREA, THE CHASES ENTERED THE WRONG CAR ...
I'VE GOT TO REMEMBER NOT TO LEAVE THE KEY IN THE IGNITION! I CERTAINLY AM GETTING ABSENT MINDED!
I ALWAYS SAID IT WAS A GOOD THING THAT YOUR HEAD WAS PERMANENTLY ATTACHED TO YOUR NECK. OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT LOSE IT!

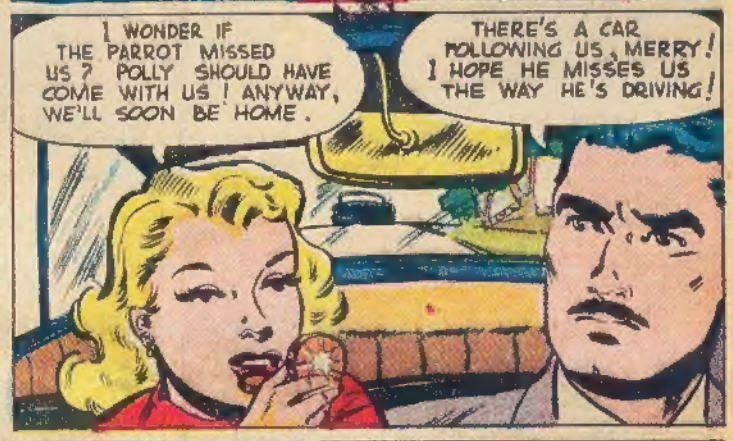

I FOLLOWED YOU ON MY MOTORCYCLE, MR. CHASE. IF YOU HAD SPEEDED, I WOULD HAVE BEEN HONORED TO GIVE YOU A TICKET!
DO WE REALLY KNOW THIS REPRESENTATIVE OF THE LAW... OR SHALL WE DENY HIS EXISTENCE? HE'S REALLY A ZOMBIE WITH A BADGE!
PR

OUTSIDE, PETE IS ASKING HIMSELF A LOT OF SIXTY-FOUR DOLLAR QUESTIONS .....
WHAT SHALL I DO? WISH MIKE HAD BEEN AROUND WHEN THEY TOOK OUR CAR! WONDER WHY THAT OFFICER FOLLOWED THEM? WHAT ARE THEY DOING AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS? WHAT SHALL I DO?

CRIME AND JUSTICE

IT WAS A TERRIBLY BRUTAL KILLING! NO NEED TO HAVE SHOT POOR TOM HURLEY. IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY DIDN'T THEY ALSO KILL THE OTHER TWO MEN?
MAX, WE'LL DO ANYTHING WE CAN TO HELP YOU ON THIS CASE. BUT WITHOUT A SINGLE CLUE ITS LIKE GOING UP A BLIND ALLEY!


AND I DON'T HAVE TO ADD THAT THE NEWSPAPERS ARE DEMANDING ACTION. EVEN THE MAYOR ACTED A BIT NASTY.
HM... ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TO FIND THE KILLER FOR YOU. WELL, REST ASSURED IF WE DO, YOU WILL BE QUITE WELCOME TO HIS SCALP!

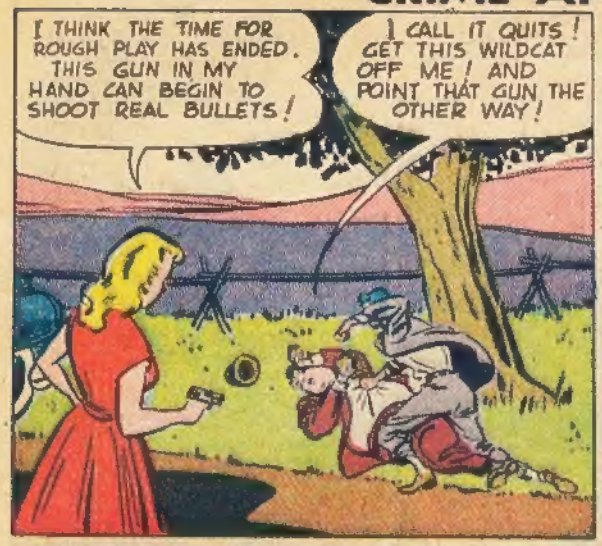

I WONDER IF THE PARROT MISSED US? POLLY SHOULD HAVE COME WITH US! ANYWAY, WE'LL SOON BE HOME.
THERE'S A CAR FOLLOWING US, MERRY! I HOPE HE MISSES US THE WAY HE'S DRIVING!

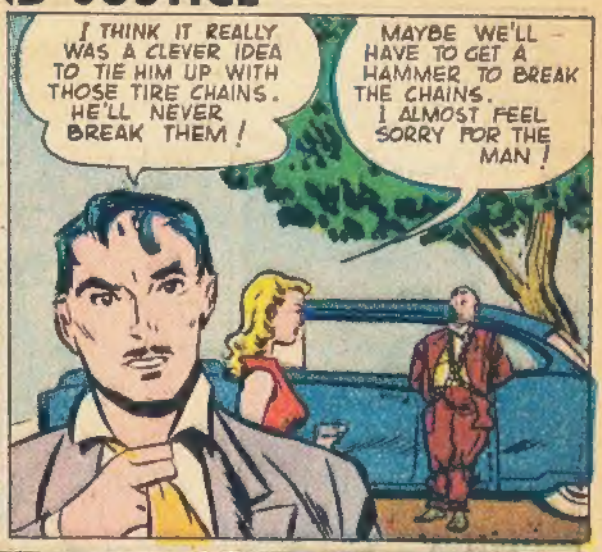
CURTIS! WATCH YOUR DRIVING! THAT MANIAC IS TRYING TO RUN US OFF THE ROAD!
RUN US OFF THE ROAD, EH? I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON ABOUT ROAD MANNERS HE WON'T FORGET!

YOU TWO GET OUT OF THAT CAR... AND IN A HURRY OR I'LL GIVE YOU SOME LEAD POISONING!
CURTIS, THAT MAN HAS NO CULTURE! DIDN'T EVEN USE THE WORD PLEASE!

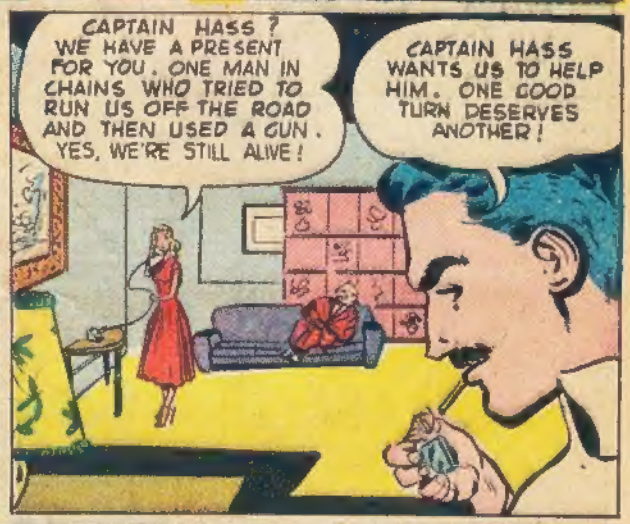
GET HIM, DARLING! I THINK HE WANTS TO PLAY ROUGH!
I'LL KILL YOU TWO FOR THIS! JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THIS PLAYBOY! I'LL BREAK HIM IN HALF!

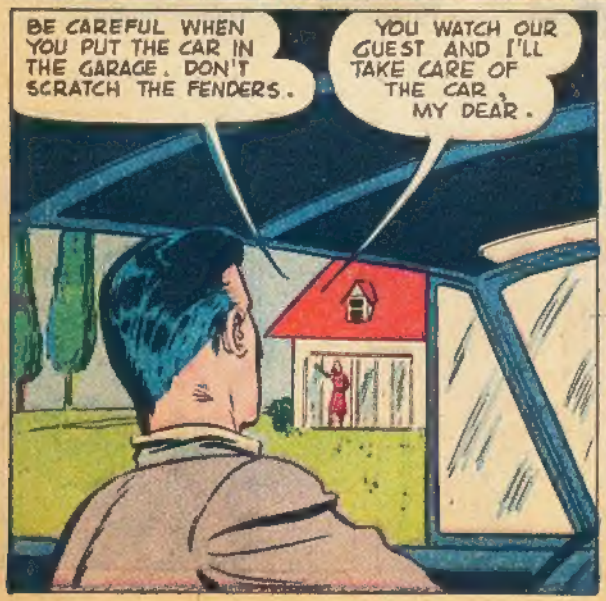
CRIME AND JUSTICE

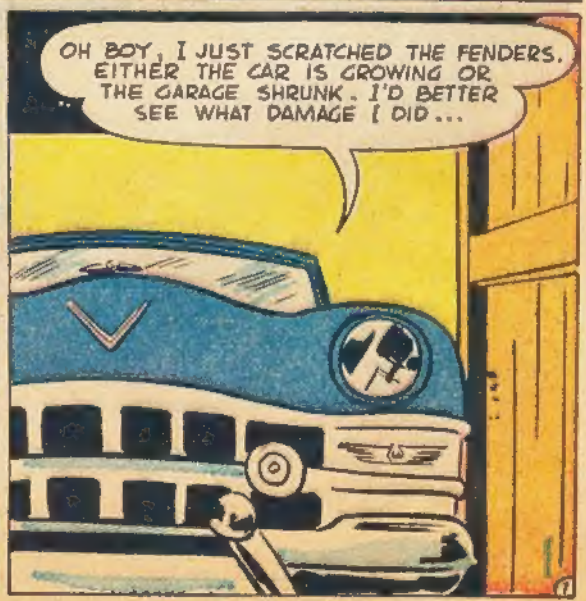

I THINK THE TIME FOR ROUGH PLAY HAS ENDED. THIS GUN IN MY HAND CAN BEGIN TO SHOOT REAL BULLETS!
I CALL IT QUITS! GET THIS WILDCAT OFF ME! AND POINT THAT GUN THE OTHER WAY!


I THINK IT REALLY WAS A CLEVER IDEA TO TIE HIM UP WITH THOSE TIRE CHAINS. HE'LL NEVER BREAK THEM!
MAYBE WE'LL HAVE TO GET A HAMMER TO BREAK THE CHAINS. I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR THE MAN!

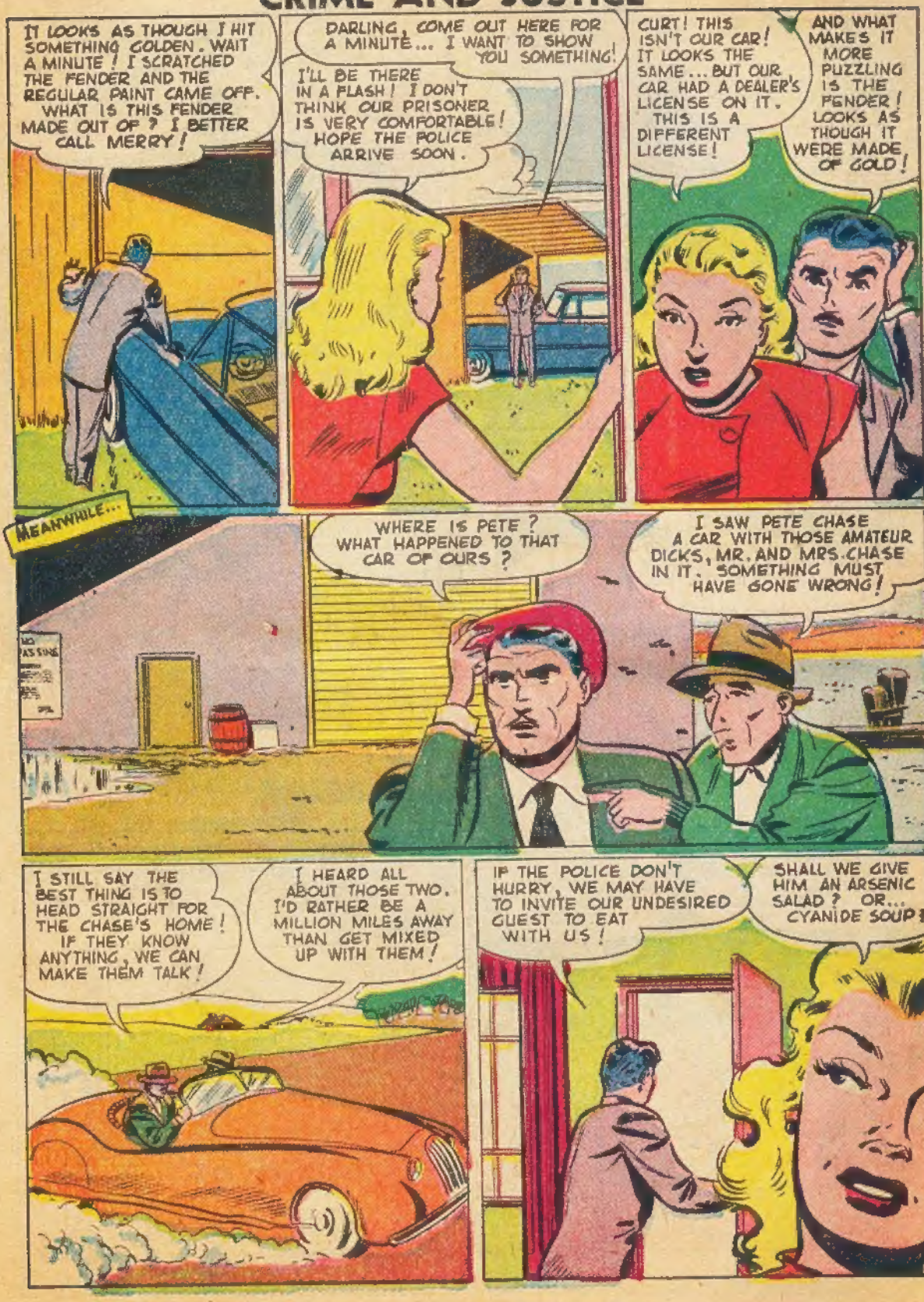
THE MAN REFUSES TO TALK. HE MUST HAVE A DREADFUL SECRET. THINK HE KILLED HIS WIFE?
WHEN WE GET HOME WE CAN DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH HIM. BOIL HIM ALIVE IN HOT OIL OR FEED HIM BIT BY BIT TO THE LIONS IN THE ZOO!


CAPTAIN HASS? WE HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU. ONE MAN IN CHAINS WHO TRIED TO RUN US OFF THE ROAD AND THEN USED A GUN. YES, WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
CAPTAIN HASS WANTS US TO HELP HIM. ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER!

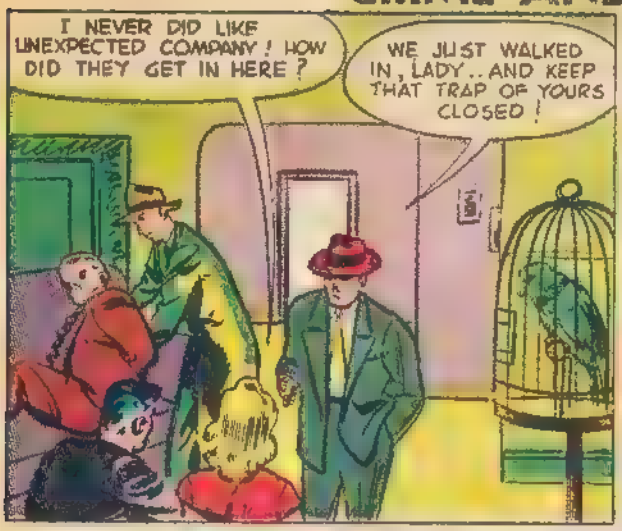

BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU PUT THE CAR IN THE GARAGE. DON'T SCRATCH THE FENDERS.
YOU WATCH OUR GUEST AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CAR, MY DEAR.

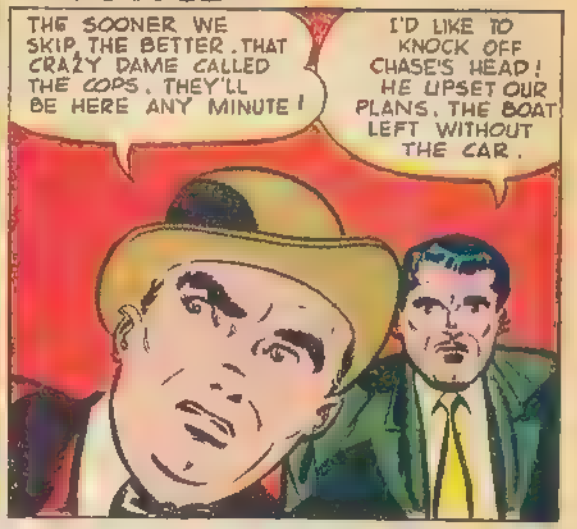


CRIME AND JUSTICE

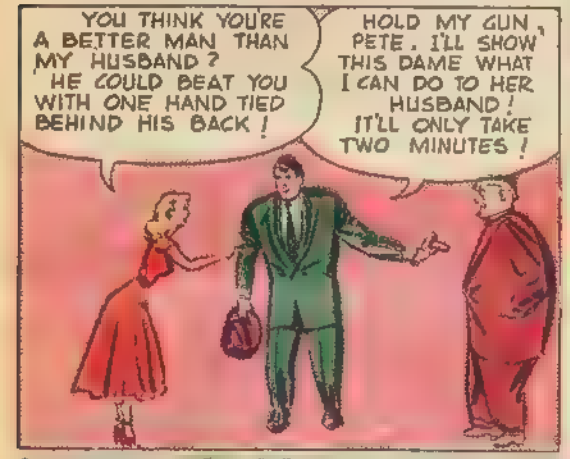

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I HIT SOMETHING GOLDEN. WAIT A MINUTE! I SCRATCHED THE FENDER AND THE REGULAR PAINT CAME OFF. WHAT IS THIS FENDER MADE OUT OF? I BETTER CALL MERRY!
DARLING, COME OUT HERE FOR A MINUTE... I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING!
I'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH! I DON'T THINK OUR PRISONER IS VERY COMFORTABLE! HOPE THE POLICE ARRIVE SOON.
CURT! THIS ISN'T OUR CAR! IT LOOKS THE SAME... BUT OUR CAR HAD A DEALER'S LICENSE ON IT. THIS IS A DIFFERENT LICENSE!
AND WHAT MAKES IT MORE PUZZLING IS THE FENDER! LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WERE MADE OF GOLD!
MEANWHILE...
WHERE IS PETE? WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT CAR OF OURS?
I SAW PETE CHASE A CAR WITH THOSE AMATEUR DICKS, MR. AND MRS. CHASE IN IT. SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG!
I STILL SAY THE BEST THING IS TO HEAD STRAIGHT FOR THE CHASE'S HOME! IF THEY KNOW ANYTHING, WE CAN MAKE THEM TALK!
I HEARD ALL ABOUT THOSE TWO. I'D RATHER BE A MILLION MILES AWAY THAN GET MIXED UP WITH THEM!
IF THE POLICE DON'T HURRY, WE MAY HAVE TO INVITE OUR UNDESIRED GUEST TO EAT WITH US!
SHALL WE GIVE HIM AN ARSENIC SALAD? OR... CYANIDE SOUP?

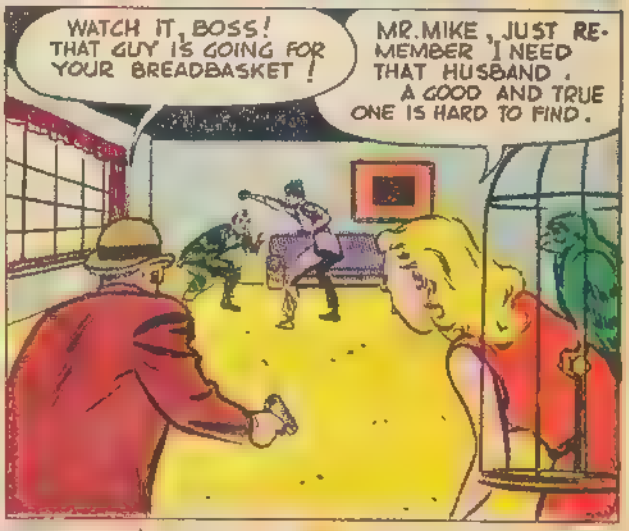
CRIME AND JUSTICE

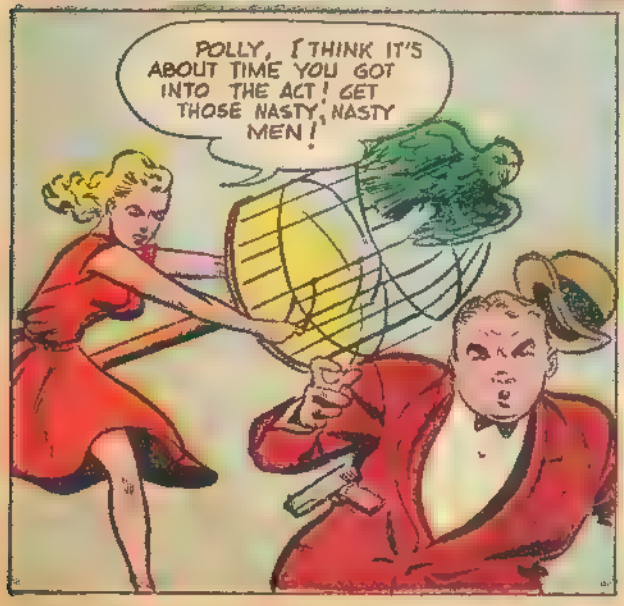



THE SOONER WE SKIP, THE BETTER. THAT CRAZY DAME CALLED THE COPS. THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!
I'D LIKE TO KNOCK OFF CHASE'S HEAD! HE UPSET OUR PLANS. THE BOAT LEFT WITHOUT THE CAR.

MERRY, WANTING TO STALL UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVED, SCHEMED A DESPERATE PLAN....

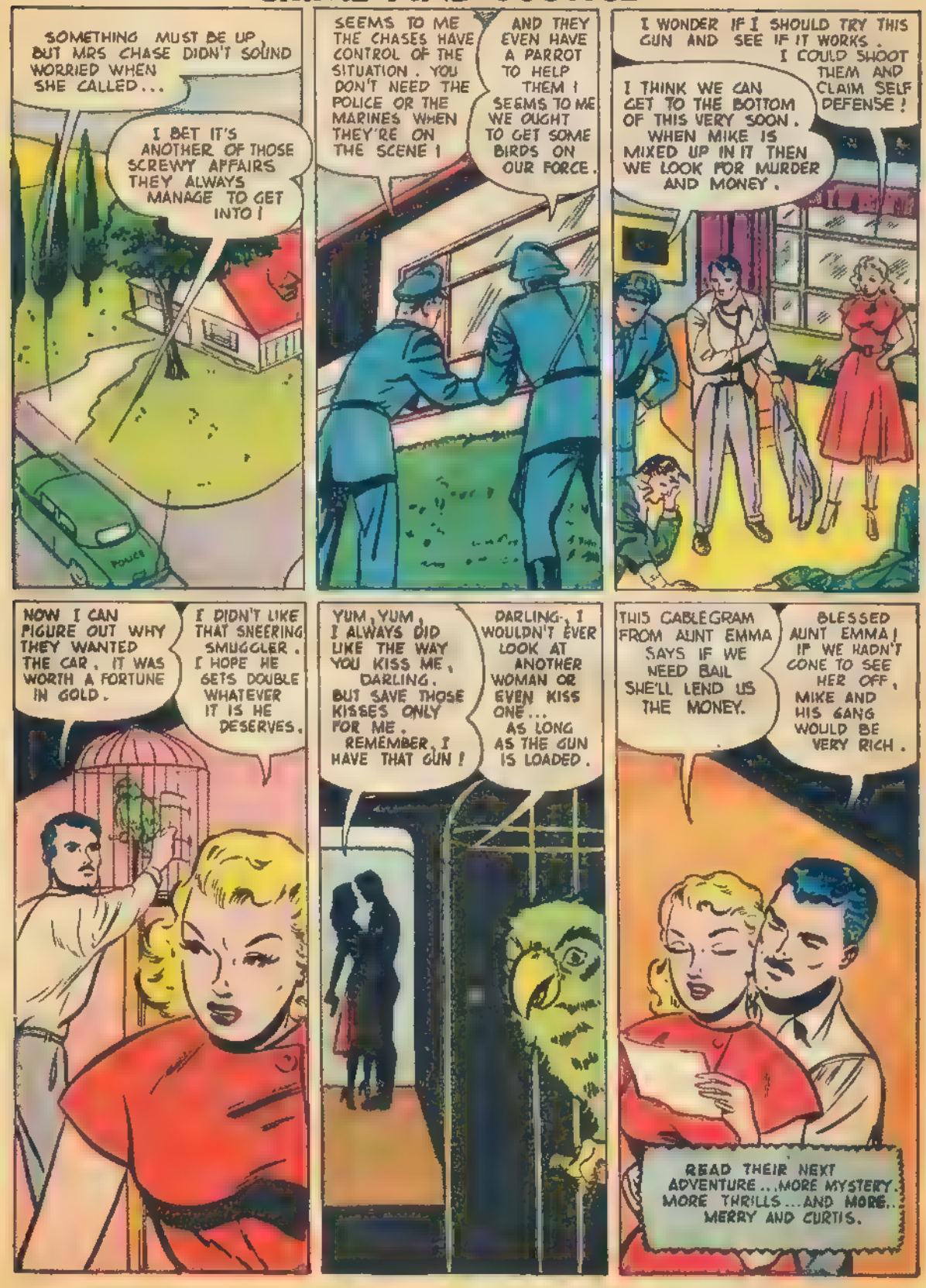

YOU THINK YOU'RE A BETTER MAN THAN MY HUSBAND? HE COULD BEAT YOU WITH ONE HAND TIED BEHIND HIS BACK!
HOLD MY GUN, PETE. I'LL SHOW THIS DAME WHAT I CAN DO TO HER HUSBAND! IT'LL ONLY TAKE TWO MINUTES!


WATCH IT, BOSS! THAT GUY IS GOING FOR YOUR BREADBASKET!
MR. MIKE, JUST REMEMBER I NEED THAT HUSBAND. A GOOD AND TRUE ONE IS HARD TO FIND.



THAT PARROT IS EATING ME ALIVE! GET THAT BIRD OFF ME!
I WONDER WHETHER WE SHOULD USE BOXING OR WRESTLING RULES? AND HOW DO WE KEEP SCORE.. ROUNDS OR POINTS?

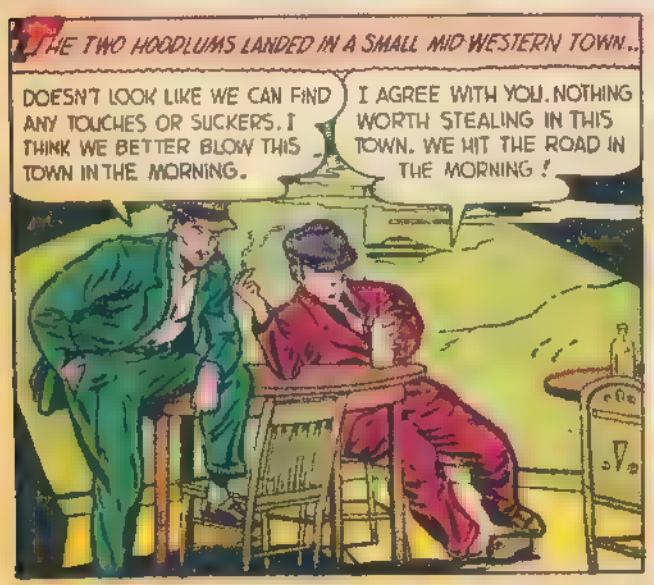
CRIME AND JUSTICE


SOMETHING MUST BE UP, BUT MRS CHASE DIDN'T SOUND WORRIED WHEN SHE CALLED...
I BET IT'S ANOTHER OF THOSE SCREWY AFFAIRS THEY ALWAYS MANAGE TO GET INTO!
POLICE
SEEMS TO ME THE CHASES HAVE CONTROL OF THE SITUATION. YOU DON'T NEED THE POLICE OR THE MARINES WHEN THEY'RE ON THE SCENE!
AND THEY EVEN HAVE A PARROT TO HELP THEM! SEEMS TO ME WE OUGHT TO GET SOME BIRDS ON OUR FORCE.
I WONDER IF I SHOULD TRY THIS GUN AND SEE IF IT WORKS. I COULD SHOOT THEM AND CLAIM SELF DEFENSE!
I THINK WE CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS VERY SOON. WHEN MIKE IS MIXED UP IN IT THEN WE LOOK FOR MURDER AND MONEY.
NOW I CAN FIGURE OUT WHY THEY WANTED THE CAR. IT WAS WORTH A FORTUNE IN GOLD.
I DIDN'T LIKE THAT SNEERING SMUGGLER. I HOPE HE GETS DOUBLE WHATEVER IT IS HE DESERVES.
YUM, YUM, I ALWAYS DID LIKE THE WAY YOU KISS ME, DARLING. BUT SAVE THOSE KISSES ONLY FOR ME. REMEMBER, I HAVE THAT GUN!
DARLING, I WOULDN'T EVER LOOK AT ANOTHER WOMAN OR EVEN KISS ONE... AS LONG AS THE GUN IS LOADED.
THIS CABLEGRAM FROM AUNT EMMA SAYS IF WE NEED BAIL SHE'LL LEND US THE MONEY.
BLESSED AUNT EMMA! IF WE HADN'T GONE TO SEE HER OFF, MIKE AND HIS GANG WOULD BE VERY RICH.
READ THEIR NEXT ADVENTURE...MORE MYSTERY, MORE THRILLS...AND MORE.. MERRY AND CURTIS.

CRIME AND JUSTICE

The TORTURED

YOU BETTER TELL US WHERE YOU HID ALL THAT DOUGH OF YOURS, OR WE'LL BURN YOU INCH BY INCH. ONLY CHANCE YOU GOT TO LIVE IS TO TALK!
YOU KILLED MY FRIEND SAM, AND YOU ARE GOING TO DO THE SAME WITH ME. YOU WON'T LEAVE ME AROUND ALIVE TO TALK!
FOR THE GREED OF MONEY, MAN WILL KILL AND TORTURE. HERE ARE TWO SMALL TIME HOODLUMS... HERB ROHAN AND KID WELTERS ABOUT TO TORTURE A MAN TO MAKE HIM REVEAL WHERE HE HAS HIDDEN HIS MONEY. BUT A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE WILL THWART AND PUNISH THEM.
TYLER GIORDANO


THE TWO HOODLUMS LANDED IN A SMALL MID WESTERN TOWN..
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE WE CAN FIND ANY TOUCHES OR SUCKERS. I THINK WE BETTER BLOW THIS TOWN IN THE MORNING.
I AGREE WITH YOU. NOTHING WORTH STEALING IN THIS TOWN. WE HIT THE ROAD IN THE MORNING!

WELCOME, MR NASH. WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU. DIDN'T THINK YOU WOULD GET HERE TH S EVENING
IF IT ISN'T OUR BEST FRIEND, JACK NASH. NOW WE LL ALL BE HAPPY AND GAY!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

COME ON MY FRIENDS THE DRINKS ARE ON ME ! I WANT YOU ALL TO FEEL HAPPY AND GAY!
SAY HERB, I GUESS THAT INVITATION INCLUDES US. HE MUST BE A GUY WITH DOUGH PAYING FOR THE DRINKS!
FOR JACK IS A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW — A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW. ALWAYS BUYING DRINKS FOR US.
YESSIR, THIS MR NASH CERTAINLY IS A GOOD SPORT. DOESN'T EVEN KNOW US AND INVITES US FOR DRINKS!
THE KID HENT F SHING FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE NEXT PROSPECTIVE VICTIM
SAY, JUS' WHO IS 'HAT GUY ? IS HE LOADED WITH DOUGH OR DOES HE SNEAK THAT OUT OF HIS PAY ENVELOPE WHEN HIS OLD LADY ISN'T LOOKING ? WHERE DOES HE LIVE ?
JACK NASH IS THIS TOWN'S MAN OF MYSTERY. HE DOESN'T WORK LIVES OUTSIDE TOWN NEAR THE LAKE IN A SHACK WITH A FRIEND - SAM WILSON. BUT HE ALWAYS HAS CASH. THEY SAY HE HAS A FORTUNE BURIED SOMEPLACE!
WE KNOW HOW TO GET TO THE SHACK. HE MUST HAVE SOME DOUGH SALTED AWAY IN HIS PLACE. AND WE CAN ALWAYS GET HIM TO TALK!
THAT BLOWTORCH WE CARRY IN THE CAR IS A GOOD CONVINCER. IT WILL MAKE ANY TONGUE TALK. SO WE PAY THIS GUY AND HIS PAL A VISIT!
NOW REMEMBER THE ROUTINE. WE USE THE "WE HAD AN ACCIDENT" GIMMICK TO GET INSIDE. IT HASN'T FAILED US SO FAR!
WHO'S THERE? WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S TOO LATE. GO AWAY AND COME BACK TOMORROW!
MY CAR SKIDDED DOWN THE ROAD AND HIT A POLE. MY WIFE IS SERIOUSLY INJURED. I NEED HELP OR SHE WILL DIE! CAN I BRING HER IN?
THAT'S TERRIBLE! OF COURSE YOU CAN BRING YOUR WIFE IN HERE. WAIT 'TIL I UNLOCK THIS DOOR! I WILL HELP YOU!
2

CRIME AND JUSTICE

JUST KEEP YOUR VOICES DOWN AND DON'T TRY TO YELL FOR HELP! I DON'T THINK IT WILL DO YOU ANY GOOD THIS IS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A FRIENDLY STICK UP BOYS!
AND TO THINK WE FELL FOR THE OLD LINE THEY HANDED US AT THE DOOR THIS IS WHAT WE GET FOR DOING A GOOD DEED!
THERE IS A FORTUNE HIDDEN IN THIS JOINT. TELL US WHERE IT IS AND WE WON'T HURT YOU! SHUT UP, OR WE'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
YOU FELLOWS MUST BE CRAZY! WE ARE JUST TWO MEN WHO LIVE ON ODD JOBS! GO AWAY AND WE WON'T TELL THE POLICE!
THE GREED FOR MONEY TURNED THE TWO CRIMINALS INTO FIENDS.
COME ON AND TALK, YOU FOOL! OR WE'LL CRIPPLE YOU SO, THAT YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE DEAD!
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! IF YOU DON'T START MOVING THAT TONGUE OF YOURS...
THE MONEY. YOU WANT IT... I'LL TALK!
DON'T BE A FOOL, SAM THEY WILL KILL US WHEN THEY GET THE MONEY. CAN'T YOU RECOGNIZE THEIR KIND? WE DON'T HAVE ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION!
I THINK WE DID TOO GOOD A JOB ON HIM HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD SPILL ANYTHING!
AT LEAST WE KNOW THERE IS DOUGH IN THIS JOINT! WE'LL WATCH OUR STEP WITH THE OTHER ONE!
YOU BETTER TELL US WHERE YOU HID ALL THAT DOUGH OF YOURS OR WE'LL BURN YOU INCH BY INCH, ONLY CHANCE YOU'VE GOT TO LIVE IS TO TALK!
YOU KILLED MY FRIEND SAM, AND YOU ARE GOING TO DO THE SAME WITH ME. YOU WON'T LEAVE ME AROUND ALIVE TO TALK!
3

CRIME AND JUSTICE

SO YOU WON'T TALK! WELL, SEE HOW THIS FEELS OVER YOUR BODY!
MAYBE I SHOULD BURN OUT HIS EYES WITH MY CIGARETTE?
STOP IT! STOP IT! I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE!
IF YOU DON'T WANT A SECOND DOSE OF THIS THEN YOU BETTER TALK!
DON'T BURN ME AGAIN. ANYTHING BUT THAT TORCH.. I'LL TALK RATHER THAN HAVE YOU TORTURE ME ALIVE!
TAKE OUT THE THIRD BRICK ON THE FLOOR FROM THE RIGHT. THE FIREPLACE WILL SWING ASIDE. YOU'LL FIND THE MONEY THERE!
IF YOU'RE FOOLING US, THEN I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE. SO HELP ME!
WE'RE RICH! ENOUGH DOUGH TO LAST US THE REST OF OUR LIVES! LOOK AT THOSE BILLS AND COINS!
BET THE OLD GUY WAS A MISER! NICE OF HIM TO SAVE THIS FORTUNE FOR US! AND WE KNOW HOW TO KEEP IT!
THESE TWO FOOLS THINK THIS BLOOD STAINED MONEY CAN BRING THEM HAPPINESS..
WE CAN AT LEAST BE KIND HEARTED AND PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY. HE CAN KEEP HIS PAL COMPANY WHERE EVER IT IS DEAD MEN GO!
WE BETTER BURN THIS SHACK DOWN. I'LL TURN THE TORCH ON IT AND THE PLACE WILL GO UP IN FLAMES!
BAM BAM
NICE CAR WE GOT - NOW STRAIGHT FOR CANADA! WE CAN MAKE IT IN ABOUT THREE DAYS!
AND REMEMBER, ONLY THE BEST HOTELS AND BARS FOR US! AND WE GOT TO GET SOME CLASSY DAMES!
19

CRIME AND JUSTICE

WE WANT THE BEST ROOM IN YOUR HOTEL. PRICE DOESN'T MEAN A THING TO US!
TAKE THESE GENTLEMEN UP TO ROOM 437, AND SEE THAT THEY HAVE EVERYTHING THEY NEED!
HERE YOU ARE, BARTENDER! ANOTHER ROUND OF DRINKS FOR US, AND KEEP THE CHANGE!
WE HAVE BEEN AT THIS HOTEL A WEEK.. I LIKE THE PLACE. WE CAN FORGET THE TRIP TO CANADA. I SPOTTED TWO NIFTY DAMES FOR US!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? WE HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH UNCLE LAW. WE ARE JUST TWO TRAVELING SALESMEN HAVING A GOOD TIME!
WE'D LIKE TO QUESTION YOU AT HEADQUARTERS ABOUT THOSE BILLS YOU'VE BEEN PASSING!
YOU CAN'T STALL US ANY LONGER. THIS IS THE MONEY YOU GOT FROM THAT FRISCO HOLD UP FIVE YEARS AGO. YOU SHOT AND KILLED FIVE PEOPLE FOR IT IN COLD BLOOD!
LEAVE US ALONE! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. WE CAN'T TELL YOU WHERE WE GOT THE DOUGH!
I HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO PASS THE SENTENCE OF DEATH ON YOU. YOU BOTH ARE TO BE ELECTROCUTED THE FIRST WEEK IN JUNE OF THIS YEAR!
JUDGE, I WANT TO SAY.... NEVER MIND... WHAT'S THE USE... WE ARE GUILTY OF MURDER!
BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, JUSTICE TRIUMPHS IN THE END.
THOSE TWO GUYS WE KILLED WERE THE KILLERS. MUST HAVE KEPT THE BILLS AND SPENT ONLY THE COINS.
HOW COULD WE MAKE A DEAL WITH THE LAW? TELL THEM WE DIDN'T KILL THE PEOPLE IN THE BANK. ... WE ONLY KILLED THE KILLERS..?
End

. . . To Punish Or Protect

Beads of perspiration were forming on the forehead of Frank Denvers, bank guard. "Look here," he pleaded with the sheriff, "You don't really think I killed Old Man Hartley?"

The officer of the law studied the young man sitting opposite him. "What I personally think doesn't count a bit. It's what the facts show. Now you just tell me your story and we'll see where the facts lead us."

Ordinarily 180 pound, well proportioned Frank Denvers would have been a picture of composure. But with a possible murder charge facing him, he was understandably nervous.

"Every now and then, I get odd jobs, when my work at the bank is finished" he began. "On Thursday afternoon Mr. Hartley telephoned me at my home. He wanted me to come over to his office in the evening, not later than 8 o'clock. Said he had to go out to Ridgewood and carry a large sum of money with him. Offered me ten dollars if I would act as his bodyguard. I accepted on condition that if a hold-up were to take place, I would not be required to shoot. He said that this was satisfactory since he carried a special policy to cover such events. When I came to his office, someone opened the door, and smack, right over the head I got it. When I came to, Old Man Hartley was dead on the floor with a bullet hole in his head and my gun was missing."

"You can also say that seventy-five thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills were missing," added the sheriff. ' But what I want to know most is why you told Old Man Hartley you wouldn t shoot in case of a hold-up?"

The bank guard bit his lip before answering. But the friendly attitude of Sheriff Wilson Hedgly made things easy. The middle aged, stout, balding man seemed more like a grandfather than the kind of a man determined to follow a clue to its end, no matter where it led.

"This may sound funny to you, but you can check the facts with my boss, Mr. Carl Williams, over at First National. My gun had no firing pin. When Mr. Williams hired me he told me that his brother had been killed in an accident while handling a gun. He hated firearms. But a gun with a guard spelled confidence in a bank. In case of a hold-up, I was not to resist. The bank was insured against such a loss. In addition, every criminal who had held up a bank in the city during the past ten years had been caught, thanks to you and your staff."

The compliment went unnoticed as the telephone on the sheriff's desk rang. He answered it, listened carefully, unconsciously shook his head, and said but one word, "Thanks." Then he replaced the receiver on the hook.

"That was our ballistics expert calling," he explained. The coroner removed the bullet from Old Man Hartley's brain. It weighed 72 grains which means it was from a .32 caliber gun. Your permit calls for a .32 caliber Colt Automatic. This type of gun has a left twist rifling. The bullet showed a right twist rifling. That means you are innocent. Probably the original plan was to shoot Old Man Hartley with your gun and leave it behind. The conclusion was to be very simple. A terrible struggle had taken place. You killed your victim and in the fight you were knocked unconscious. What about the money? I guess we were to deduce that you had a confederate who vanished with it and left you holding the bag. But when the killer pulled the trigger and found the gun didn't work, he had to do some fast thinking. He, or someone-else, had a .32 caliber gun. This was used to kill the Old Man. It was necessary to take your gun away, lest ballistics showed that the bullet didn't come from your gun. What the killer didn't know was the fact that your gun wasn't needed at all for a ballistics check. It is the job of the law to see that the innocent man goes free as well as to catch and convict the guilty man."

As the full significance of the Sheriff's words dawned upon Frank Denvers, he felt like shouting aloud with glee. "Does that mean I am free to leave now?" he asked.

The sheriff shrugged his shoulders. "Suit yourself. If you are tired you can go home and get

some rest If not, I think you are entitled to see how we handle our other suspect."

Finishing those words, the sheriff arose, and beckoned to the bank guard to follow him. The two men then went into an adjoining room. There in a chair was a thin man wearing eyeglasses. At his side was a deputy sheriff.

"In case you two haven't met before," began the sheriff, "I better take care of the introductions. Frank Denvers, meet Ralph Simpson" And then as an added afterthought, the sheriff commented, "In case you do not know the simple fact, Mr. Denvers, you can learn right now that Mr. Simpson happened to work for the late Mr. Hartley. He was in the office when you received the phone call. Since he had the opportunity and the motive, that would make him suspect number two. Quite logical?"

"I'll sue you for false arrest," shouted a red faced Mr. Simpson. "And wait till election time comes. I'll see every paper in town is against you."

"Watch your blood pressure," suggested the sheriff. Then turning to the deputy he asked, "Are the reports down?" "Sure, right on the desk," was the answer. The sheriff lifted a sheet of paper and studied it carefully. Then turning to Mr. Simpson, he began speaking.

"You were very brave and quite willing to take a lie detector test. As you probably know, our polygraph records pulse, blood pressure and respiration. We also had your blood pressure and heart checked by our physician. Since you are suffering from a heart condition and highblood pressure, the results show you might be lying and you might be telling the truth."

"What about the other results?" demanded Ralph Simpson. The sheriff studied his suspect number two a minute, before answering. "You certainly were scared when you were informed we were going to take a gunpowder test to see whether or not you fired a gun within the last twenty-four hours. The results show definitely you were in contact with gunpowder."

Ralph Simpson turned a ghastly white. "I swear I'm innocent, I know you won't believe it, but I was shooting off fireworks on the beach early this morning."

"Sure, I believe it," agreed a pleasant officer of the law. "For when we analyzed the contents of the gunpowder it wasn't the kind used in cartridges. Turned out to be the commercial formula for fireworks. Just bear in mind, the law wants to protect the innocent as well as punish the guilty. You can leave now."

It was a wan smile that began to appear on Simpson's face. Then almost together, he and Frank Denvers asked the same question. "Who did the killing, who is the guilty man?"

"Only one other man knew about the money," remarked the sheriff. "He happens to be one, Mr. Frederick J. Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds was to meet Mr. Hartley at the Farview Hotel in Centerville and give him some negotiable bonds for the money. It could be that Mr. Reynolds never had such bonds and went directly to Mr. Hartley's office and killed him for the money."

Another deputy appeared on the scene and beckoned to the sheriff. The two whispered together for a few minutes, then the sheriff said. "If you two want to see our third suspect, just follow me into the main office."

Frederick J. Reynolds, tall, well built, with wavy black hair and a smooth face, was furious when the door opened. "Sheriff, I demand to know why I am here" he sputtered.

"You are being held as a suspect in the murder of the late Mr Hartley," explained the sheriff, "and if you want me to be exact, the evidence I have against you is going to be turned over to the grand jury in the morning."

Mr Reynolds didn't bat an eye though his breathing did sound a bit heavier. 'Evidence?" he repeated, 'You can't have any evidence against me

'Enough to send you to the chair," continued the sheriff "You drove your car to the back of Old Man Hartley's office and parked it there. You left tire tracks in the soft ground. We took a plaster of paris moulage of those tracks and compared them with your tires. Match perfectly. And then there was the matter of the hair we found on your coat lapel. A microscopic examination shows it to be identical with hair from the head of Mr Hartley. Probably in the struggle it came loose from his head."

Reynolds almost collapsed and a deputy helped him into a chair. "It can't be, it can't be," he began to mumble. "Yes it can be," commented the sheriff, as he and the other two men left the room. "The purpose of law and science is to protect the innocent and help find and punish the guilty."

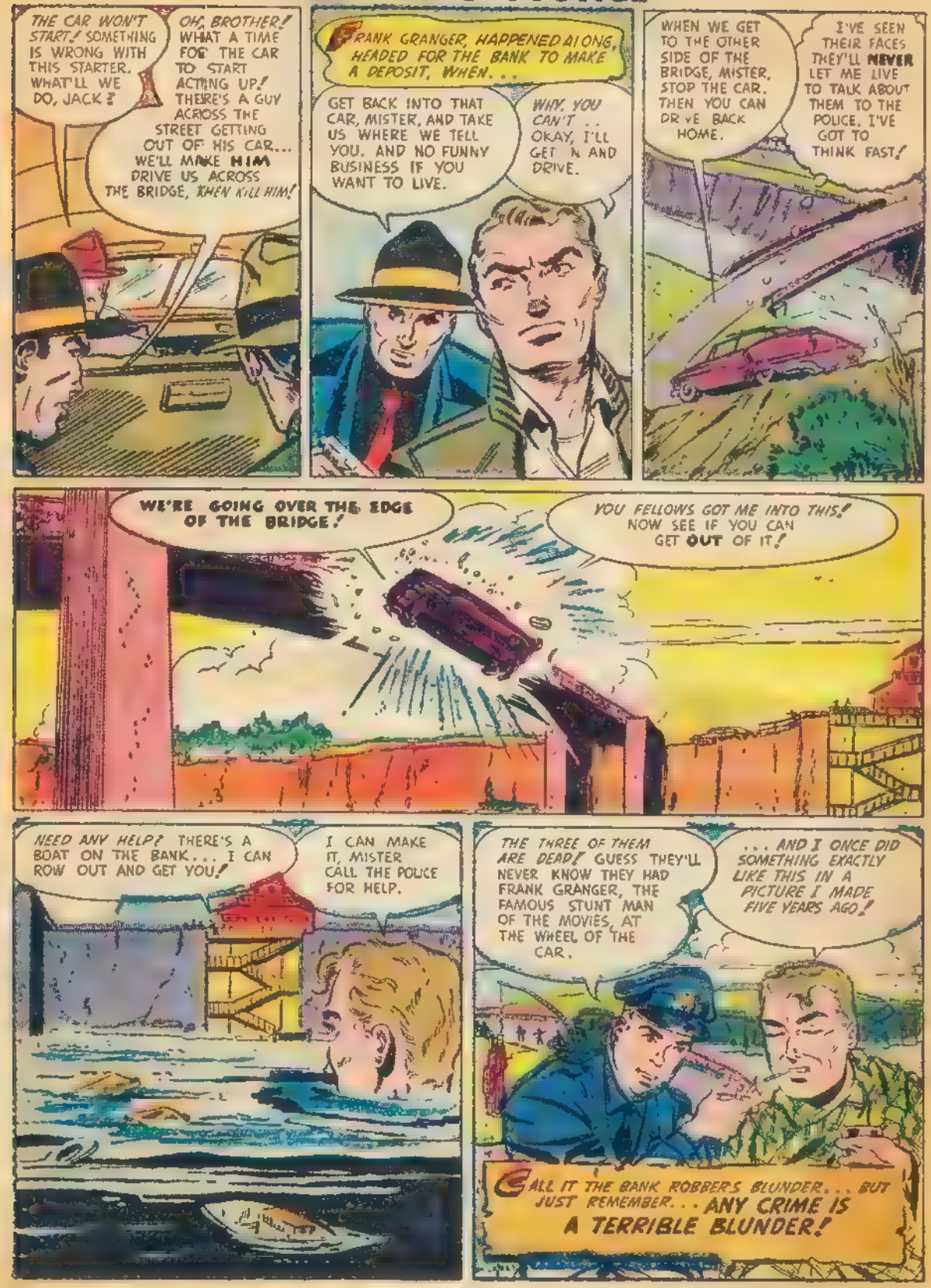
—THE END—

The Bank Robbers' Blunder
JACK FAVOR AND TWO OF HIS BOYS, CHARLEY BANTA AND HUGO LOBO HAVE JUST ROBBED THE NATIONAL BANK. A GUARD WAS COLD BLOODEDLY SHOT DOWN AS HE WENT FOR HIS GUN! WILL JUSTICE TRIUMPH OVER THIS DISREGARD FOR LIFE AND PROPERTY?
YOU FOLKS SAW WHAT THIS GUARD GOT. DON'T MOVE FOR TEN MINUTES AFTER WE LEAVE THIS PLACE IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!
WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! SOME FOOL CLERK JUST SOUNDED THE BURGLAR ALARM.
THE THREE OF US CAN HANDLE THIS JOB WITH EASE. AFTER IT'S FINISHED, WE DRIVE THROUGH CENTRAL AVENUE TO HUDSON PARKWAY AND PICK UP THE OTHER CAR WE PARKED ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE BRIDGE.
AND WITH THOSE TOMMY-GUNS I THINK WE CAN HANDLE ANY COPS THAT WANT TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR US.

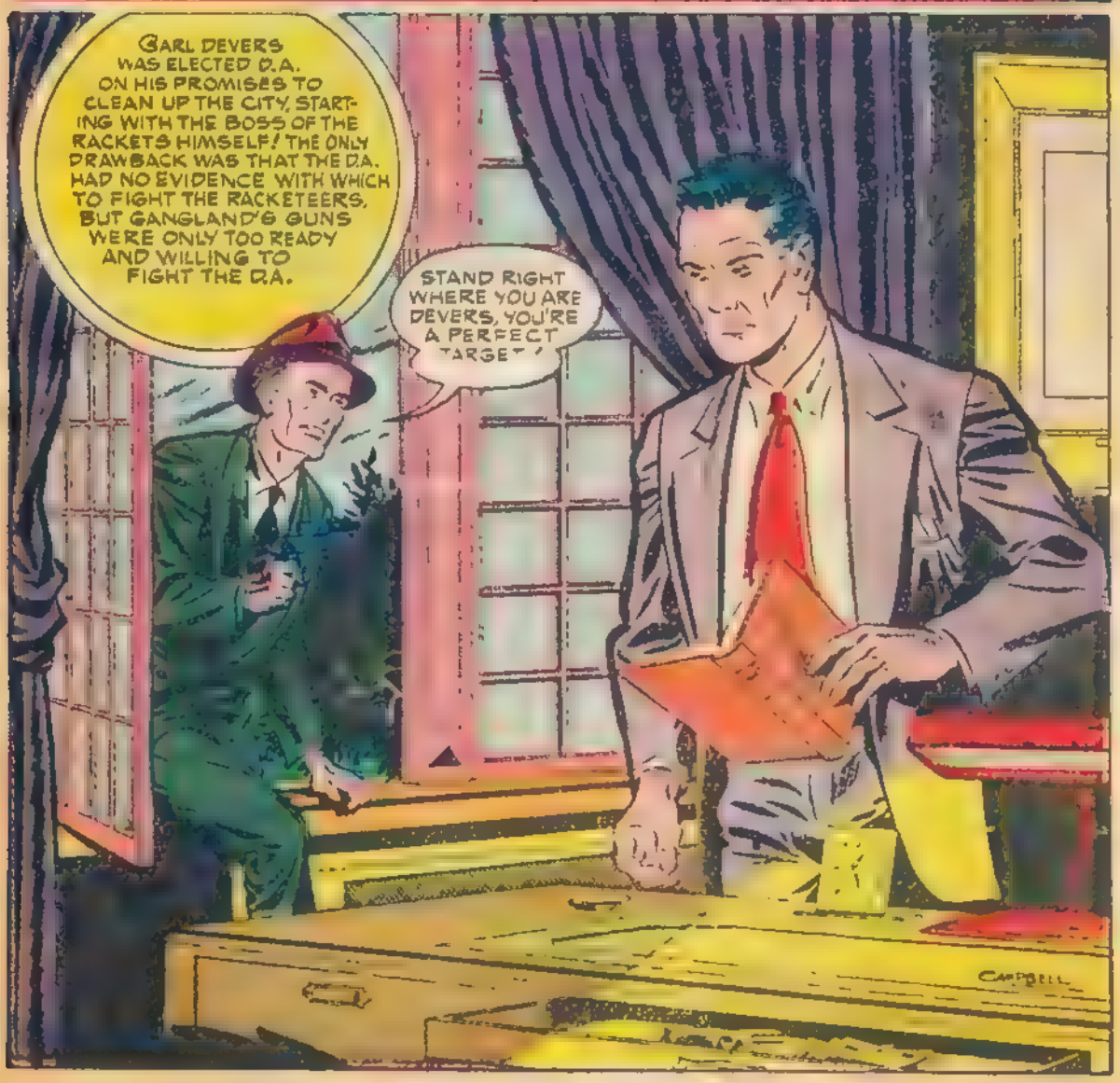
CRIME AND JUSTICE

NOW WE WALK INTO THE ENTRANCE OF THE BANK THEN OUT COME THOSE TWO TOMMY GUNS AND WE GO INTO ACTION.
AND WE GOT TO SLIP THOSE MASKS OVER OUR FACES TOO BAD WE CAN'T DO IT HERE.
WE GOT TO DO THIS LIKE CLOCK WORK, THE RADIO PATROL CAR ISN'T DUE AROUND HERE FOR HALF AN HOUR ON WITH THOSE MASKS!
I GOT AN ITCHY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER AND MY EYES WILL BE PEELED IN CASE ANY DUMB CLERK WANTS TO DIE A HERO.
THIS IS A STICK UP! YOU FOLKS JUST FREEZE AND DON'T MOVE WE WON'T HURT YOU UNLESS YOU START SOMETHING!
OH, I THINK I AM GOING TO FAINT REAL HOLD UP MEN..
ALL THE CASH YOU GOT IN THAT DRAWER, BUDDY. AND KEEP AWAY FROM THE BURGLAR ALARM OR WE'LL BLAST THE DEPOSITORS TO KINGDOM COME.
DON'T SHOOT..PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ANYONE! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE MONEY I HAVE HERE.
I'M A CRACK PISTOL SHOT. I CAN GET THOSE TWO FELLOWS BEFORE THEY EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT THEM
THAT DUMB GUARD DOESN'T REALIZE I SEE HIM GOING FOR HIS GUN. I'LL GIVE HIM A DOSE OF LEAD POISONING.
RAT-TA-TAT-TAT
YOU FOLKS SAW WHAT THIS GUARD GOT DON'T MOVE FOR TEN MINUTES AFTER WE LEAVE THIS PLACE IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY
WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! SOME FOOL CLERK JUST SOUNDED THE BURGLAR ALARM.
COME ON YOU GUYS! PILE IN THE CAR! IN TWO MINUTES THIS WHOLE TOWN WILL BE AFTER US
I'LL START THE CAR AND YOU GUYS KNOCK OFF ANYONE WHO TRIES TO FOLLOW US.

CRIME AND JUSTICE


THE CAR WON'T START! SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THIS STARTER. WHAT'LL WE DO, JACK?
OH, BROTHER! WHAT A TIME FOR THE CAR TO START ACTING UP! THERE'S A GUY ACROSS THE STREET GETTING OUT OF HIS CAR... WE'LL MAKE HIM DRIVE US ACROSS THE BRIDGE, THEN KILL HIM!
FRANK GRANGER, HAPPENED ALONG, HEADED FOR THE BANK TO MAKE A DEPOSIT, WHEN...
GET BACK INTO THAT CAR, MISTER, AND TAKE US WHERE WE TELL YOU. AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS IF YOU WANT TO LIVE.
WHY, YOU CAN'T.. OKAY, I'LL GET IN AND DRIVE.
WHEN WE GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRIDGE, MISTER, STOP THE CAR. THEN YOU CAN DRIVE BACK HOME.
I'VE SEEN THEIR FACES THEY'LL NEVER LET ME LIVE TO TALK ABOUT THEM TO THE POLICE. I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!
WE'RE GOING OVER THE EDGE OF THE BRIDGE!
YOU FELLOWS GOT ME INTO THIS! NOW SEE IF YOU CAN GET OUT OF IT!
NEED ANY HELP? THERE'S A BOAT ON THE BANK... I CAN ROW OUT AND GET YOU!
I CAN MAKE IT, MISTER CALL THE POLICE FOR HELP.
THE THREE OF THEM ARE DEAD! GUESS THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THEY HAD FRANK GRANGER, THE FAMOUS STUNT MAN OF THE MOVIES, AT THE WHEEL OF THE CAR.
... AND I ONCE DID SOMETHING EXACTLY LIKE THIS IN A PICTURE I MADE FIVE YEARS AGO!
CALL IT THE BANK ROBBER'S BLUNDER... BUT JUST REMEMBER... ANY CRIME IS A TERRIBLE BLUNDER!

HIGH CARD KILLS

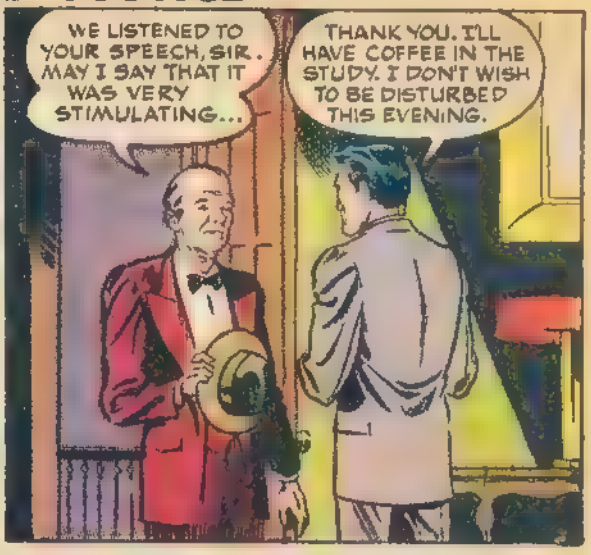

CARL DEVERS WAS ELECTED D.A. ON HIS PROMISES TO CLEAN UP THE CITY, STARTING WITH THE BOSS OF THE RACKETS HIMSELF! THE ONLY DRAWBACK WAS THAT THE D.A. HAD NO EVIDENCE WITH WHICH TO FIGHT THE RACKETEERS, BUT GANGLAND'S GUNS WERE ONLY TOO READY AND WILLING TO FIGHT THE D.A.
STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE DEVERS, YOU'RE A PERFECT TARGET!
CAMPBELL

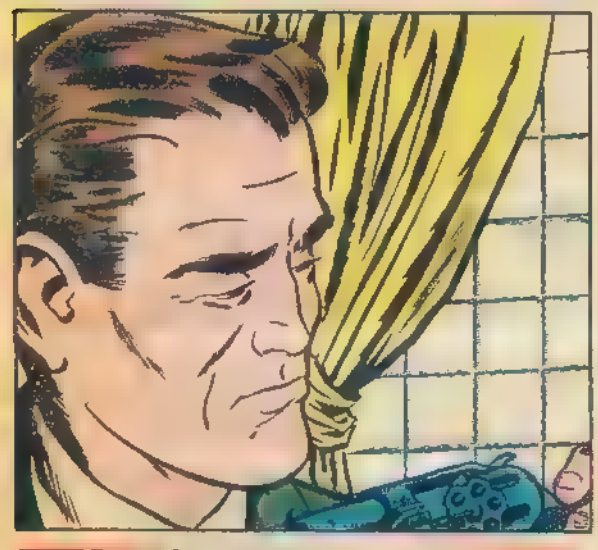
CRIME AND JUSTICE

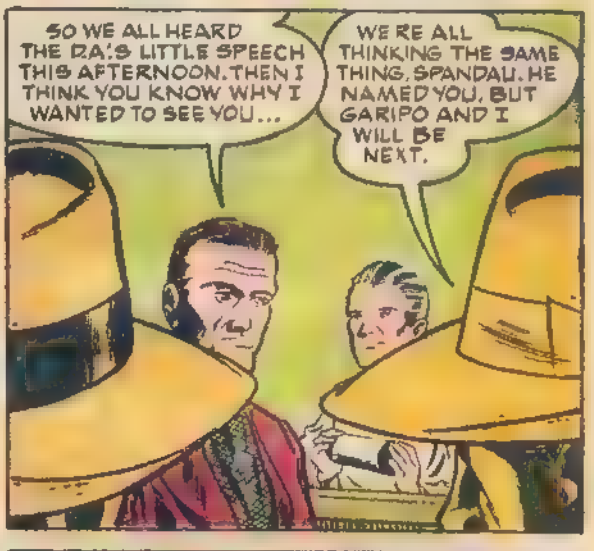
I PROMISED YOU N MY CAMPAIGN THAT IF ELECTED I WOULD CLEAN UP THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT IN THIS CITY... AND I MEANT JUST THAT.
THE CROOKS IN THIS CITY ARE DUE FOR THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES! I HAVE IN MIND ONE MOB IN PARTICULAR WHICH HAS LONG ENJOYED IMMUNITY FROM THE POLICE THROUGH THEIR POLITICAL CONNECTIONS...
..THIS GANG IS RUN BY ONE NICK SPANDAU. SO FAR NO CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE HAS BEEN GATHERED AGAINST THIS CHEAP CROOK THAT CAN BE USED TO SEND HIM TO PRISON WHERE HE BELONGS, BUT I PROMISE...
SOUNDS LIKE HE'S REALLY GOING AFTER US, BOSS.
SO HE'S NAMING NAMES, HUH?
I'LL MAKE THAT PUNK WISH HE'D STAYED AT HOME WHERE HE BELONGS BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH HIM! GET THE WORD TO KRASSNER AND GARIPO THAT WE'RE HOLDING A LITTLE MEETING HERE TONIGHT...
YOU LAID IT ON PRETTY THICK, CARL, ESPECIALLY WHEN WE HAVEN'T A SHRED OF EVIDENCE AGAINST SPANDAU TO BACK IT UP WITH.
WILL YOU COME IN FOR A CUP OF COFFEE, CHARLIE?
2

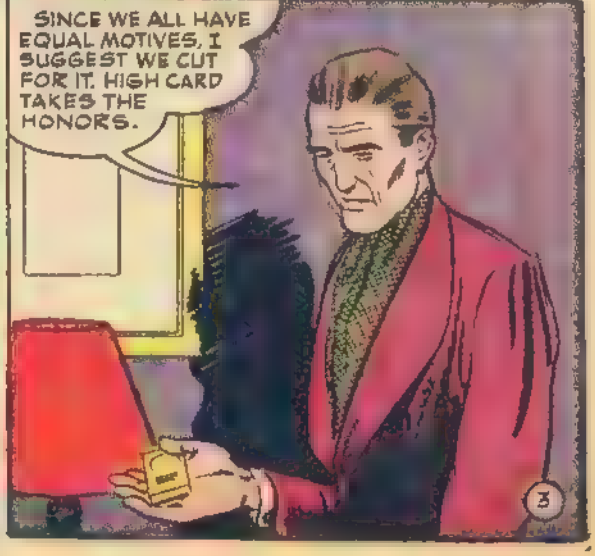
CRIME AND JUSTICE

AFRAID I HAVEN'T TIME. I'M EXPECTED DOWN AT CIRCUIT COURT IN AN HOUR, AND I'LL HAVE TO PICK UP SOME PAPERS ON THE WAY.
SEE YOU IN THE MORNING THEN.
POL


WE LISTENED TO YOUR SPEECH, SIR. MAY I SAY THAT IT WAS VERY STIMULATING...
THANK YOU. I'LL HAVE COFFEE IN THE STUDY. I DON'T WISH TO BE DISTURBED THIS EVENING.




SO WE ALL HEARD THE DA'S LITTLE SPEECH THIS AFTERNOON. THEN I THINK YOU KNOW WHY I WANTED TO SEE YOU...
WE'RE ALL THINKING THE SAME THING, SPANDAU. HE NAMED YOU, BUT GARIPO AND I WILL BE NEXT.



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THREE OF CLUBS.
KING OF HEARTS
ACE OF SPADES! THAT MAKES ME HARD TO BEAT! THAT SETTLES IT, THEN. I'LL TAKE CARE OF MISTER D.A...TONIGHT!
LATER THAT NIGHT...
CHIEF OF POLICE FOX, SIR. HE SAYS IT IS MOST URGENT.
COME IN, CHARLIE.
GOT A TIP-OFF JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO THAT SPANDAU IS OUT TO GUN YOU, CARL! HE MAY TRY IT TONIGHT...
I EXPECTED THAT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU EXPECTED IT?
JUST THAT. LOOK, CHARLIE, IT WOULD TAKE US AT LEAST A YEAR TO COMPILE EVIDENCE WE'D NEED TO TAKE SPANDAU TO COURT AND GET A CONVICTION...
BUT I DON'T INTEND TO WASTE THAT MUCH TIME ON HIM. I CAN'T GET TO HIM, SO I'M WAITING FOR HIM TO COME TO ME...
THEN THAT SPEECH OF YOURS...
WAS TO MAKE HIM ANGRY AND WORRIED ENOUGH TO COME AFTER ME, WHICH I EXPECT HE WILL DO SHORTLY! I ONLY HOPE HE COMES HIMSELF INSTEAD OF SENDING ONE OF HIS MEN.
4.

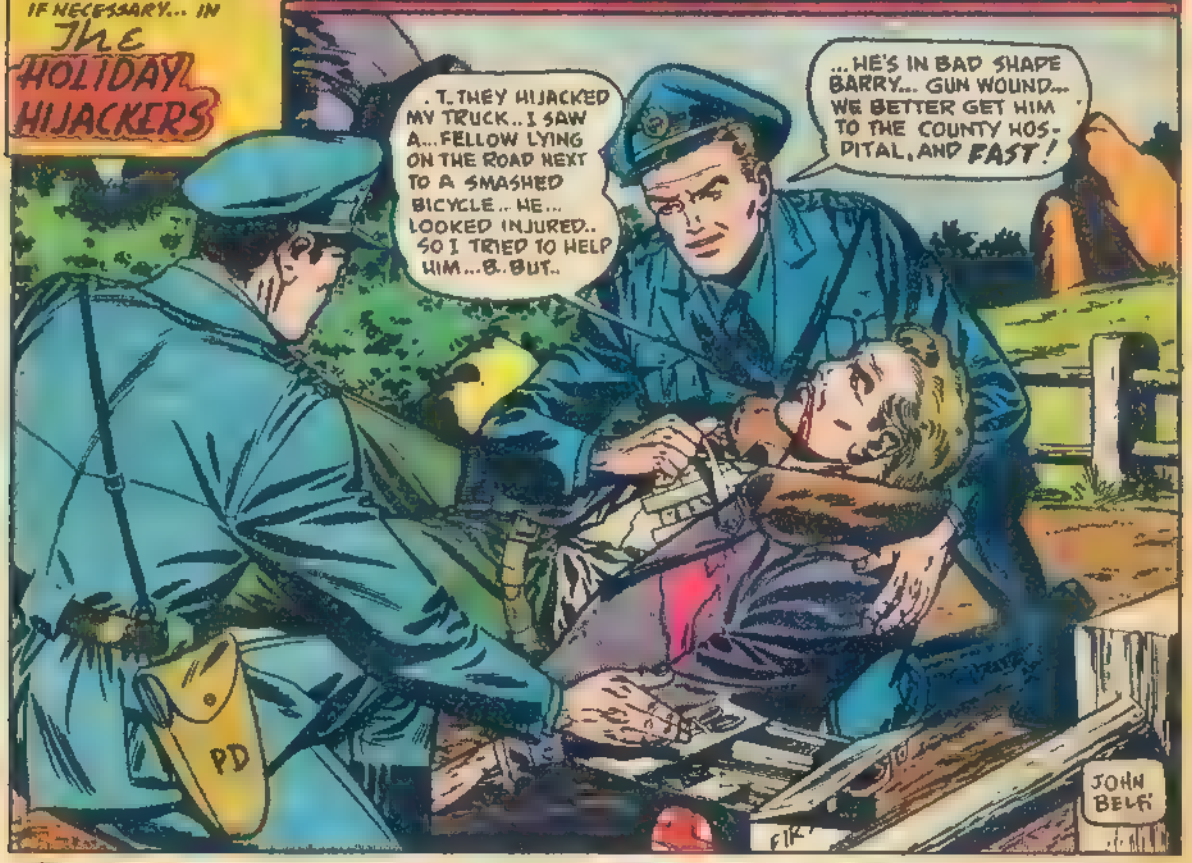
CRIME AND JUSTICE

A LITTLE AFTER MIDNIGHT NICK SPANDAU ARRIVES AT THE DEVERS' HOME...
THERE HE IS..RIGHT INSIDE THE WINDOW.. AND ALONE TOO. I COULD MISS HIM FROM HERE. BETTER GO IN THERE AND DO IT RIGHT...
TURN AROUND, D.A. I WANT TO SEE THE EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE WHEN I GIVE IT TO YOU!
YOU SHOULD HAVE GONE ALONG LIKE THE LAST D.A. DEVERS...
YOU ADMIT THE ADMINISTRATION PROTECTED YOU IN THE PAST ?
WHY NOT ? YOU'LL NOT BE GOING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE USE OF THE INFORMATION!
WE'LL USE IT ALL RIGHT SPANDAU.. EVERY WORD OF IT IS RECORDED!
NOT A BAD FIRST DAY'S WORK, MR. D.A. THE REST OF THE RATS WILL RUN NOW THAT THE "KING" IS ALL WASHED UP. GUESS YOU'LL CARRY OUT THOSE PROMISES AFTER ALL.
GET HIM OUT OF HERE AND COME BACK SO I CAN CARRY OUT THAT PROMISE I MADE YOU 'ABOUT THAT CUP OF COFFEE..
THE END

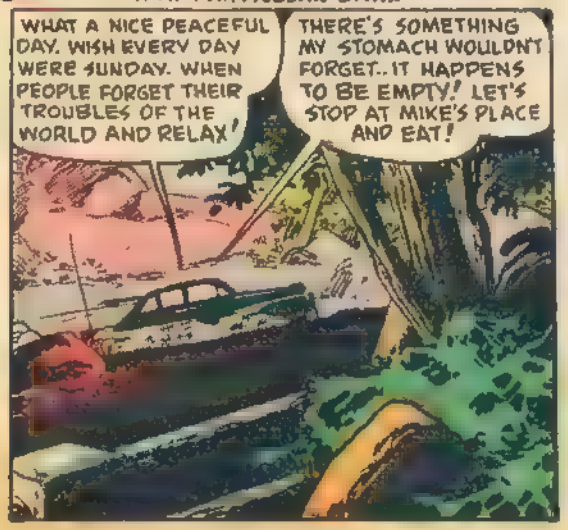
RADIO PATROL

FOLLOW THE RADIO PATROL IN ANOTHER OF THEIR EXCITING ADVENTURES... TEX AND BARRY STUMBLE ON THE TRAIL OF A HIJACKING GANG THAT WOULD COMMIT MURDER IF NECESSARY... IN

THE HOLIDAY HIJACKERS


...T. THEY HIJACKED MY TRUCK.. I SAW A... FELLOW LYING ON THE ROAD NEXT TO A SMASHED BICYCLE.. HE... LOOKED INJURED.. SO I TRIED TO HELP HIM... B. BUT..
...HE'S IN BAD SHAPE BARRY... GUN WOUND... WE BETTER GET HIM TO THE COUNTY HOSPITAL, AND FAST!
PD
JOHN BELFI

EVERYTHING SEEMED SO NICE AND QUIET ON THAT PARTICULAR DAY...

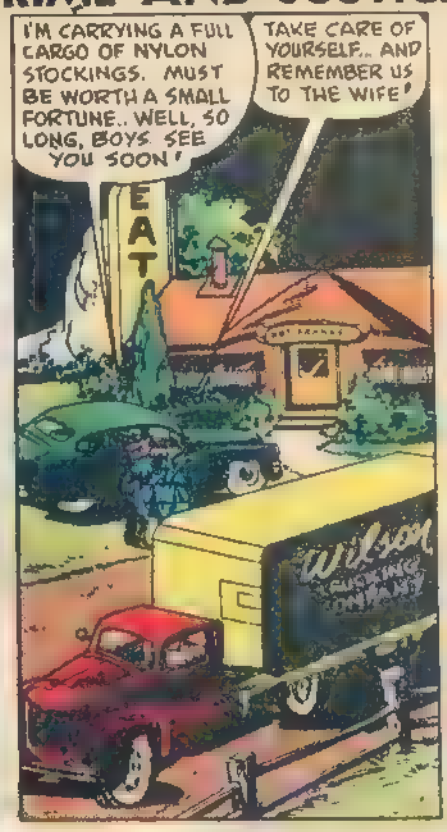

WHAT A NICE PEACEFUL DAY. WISH EVERY DAY WERE SUNDAY. WHEN PEOPLE FORGET THEIR TROUBLES OF THE WORLD AND RELAX!
THERE'S SOMETHING MY STOMACH WOULDN'T FORGET.. IT HAPPENS TO BE EMPTY! LET'S STOP AT MIKE'S PLACE AND EAT!

WELL, WHAT WILL IT BE BOYS? TODAY'S SPECIAL IS A COMBINATION SANDWICH OF HAM, CHEESE, AND TURKEY!
BARRY IS SO HUNGRY, HE COULD EAT A DOZEN OF 'EM. I'LL TAKE A HOT CUP OF COFFEE, LIGHT!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

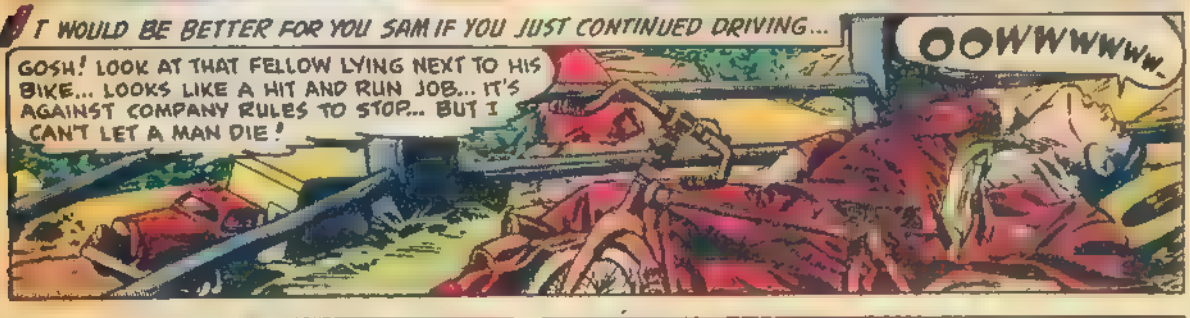
TEX AND BARRY MEET AN OLD FRIEND...

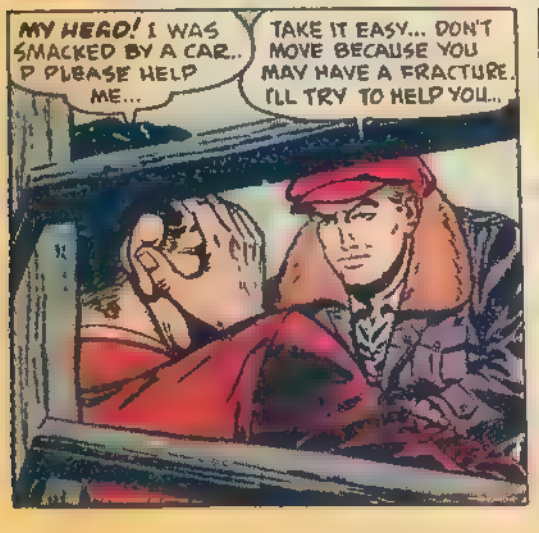
AS I LIVE AND BREATHE . IT'S SAM DIETZ! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DRIVING A TRUCK ONLY IN THE MID-WEST! GOOD TO SEE YOU!
THE COMPANY SHIFTED ME BACK TO THIS TERRITORY ONLY I DON'T LIKE THE SUNDAY RUN.. I'D RATHER BE HOME WITH THE WIFE AND KIDS!

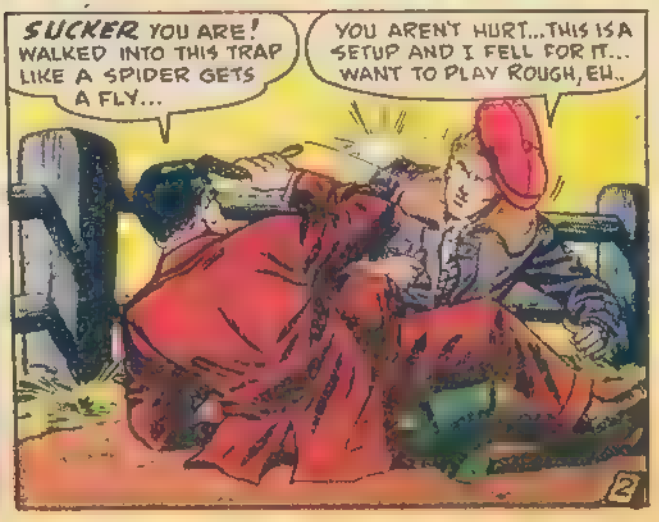

I'M CARRYING A FULL CARGO OF NYLON STOCKINGS. MUST BE WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE.. WELL, SO LONG, BOYS SEE YOU SOON!
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.. AND REMEMBER US TO THE WIFE!
EAT
Wilson

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO FASTER IF I WANT TO KEEP UP ON SCHEDULE... GOT TO MAKE LARSTOWN BY FIVE O'CLOCK AND TURN THE TRUCK OVER TO THE RELIEF DRIVER!

IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU SAM IF YOU JUST CONTINUED DRIVING...


GOSH! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW LYING NEXT TO HIS BIKE... LOOKS LIKE A HIT AND RUN JOB... IT'S AGAINST COMPANY RULES TO STOP... BUT I CAN'T LET A MAN DIE!
OOWWWWW

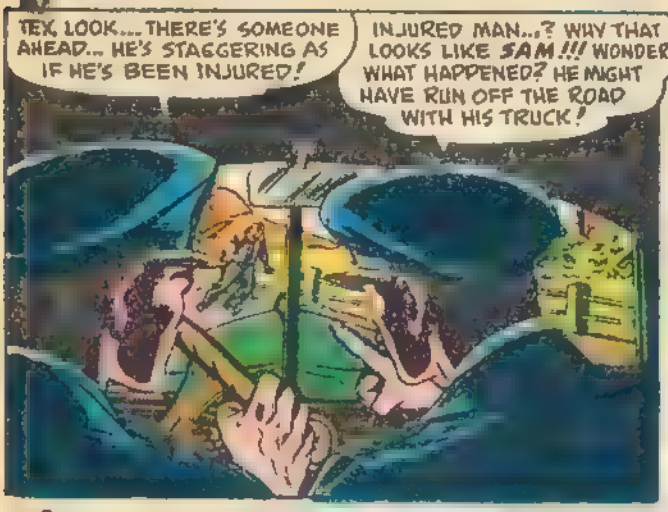


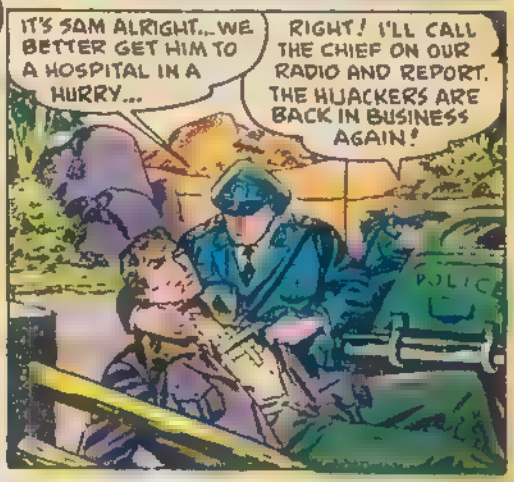

SUCKER YOU ARE! WALKED INTO THIS TRAP LIKE A SPIDER GETS A FLY...
YOU AREN'T HURT...THIS IS A SETUP AND I FELL FOR IT... WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, EH..
2

CRIME AND JUSTICE

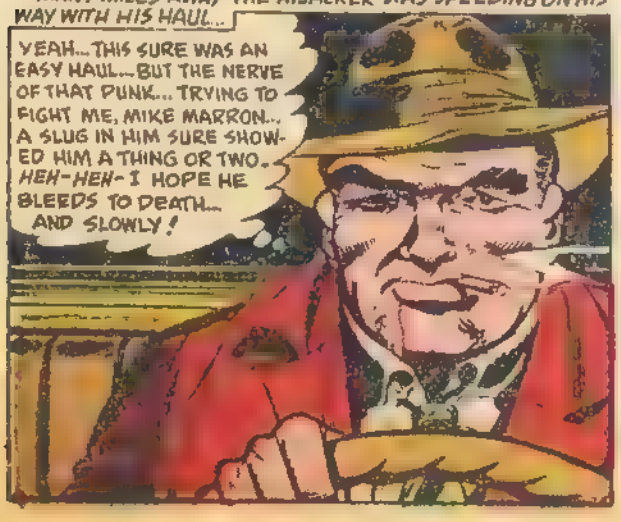
THE HIJACKER DIDN'T KNOW SAM WAS AN EX-FIGHTER

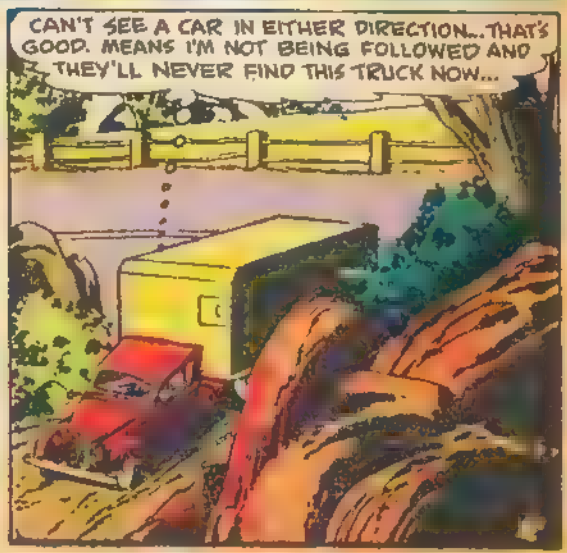
SO YOU PLAY DIRTY... WELL, I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET! I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!
YOU LOUSE! YOU MUST HAVE A HEAD MADE OF IRON! I CAN'T FIGHT WITH YOU SO...


TEX, LOOK... THERE'S SOMEONE AHEAD... HE'S STAGGERING AS IF HE'S BEEN INJURED!
INJURED MAN...? WHY THAT LOOKS LIKE SAM!!! WONDER WHAT HAPPENED? HE MIGHT HAVE RUN OFF THE ROAD WITH HIS TRUCK!


IT'S SAM ALRIGHT... WE BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL IN A HURRY...
RIGHT! I'LL CALL THE CHIEF ON OUR RADIO AND REPORT. THE HIJACKERS ARE BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN!
POLICE

...AND SO, THE HIJACKERS WERE BACK IN BUSINESS... NOT TOO MANY MILES AWAY THE HIJACKER WAS SPEEDING ON HIS WAY WITH HIS HAUL...


YEAH... THIS SURE WAS AN EASY HAUL... BUT THE NERVE OF THAT PUNK... TRYING TO FIGHT ME, MIKE MARRON... A SLUG IN HIM SURE SHOWED HIM A THING OR TWO. HEH-HEH- I HOPE HE BLEEDS TO DEATH... AND SLOWLY!



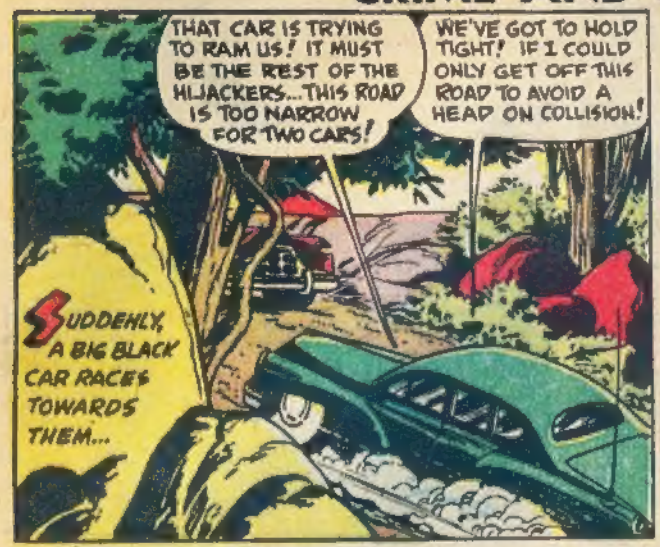
CRIME AND JUSTICE

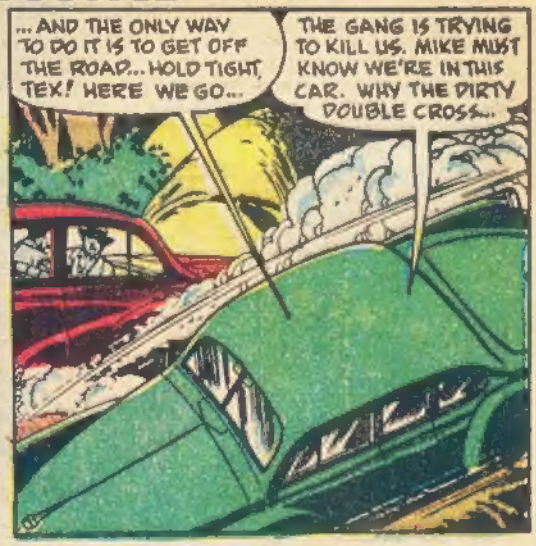
COME ON..GET YOUR FEET WORKING . WE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS TRUCK IN A HURRY AND DESTROY ALL POSSIBLE CLUES... WE CAN'T PRESS OUR LUCK TOO FAR. THOSE COPS AREN'T DOPES!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, MIKE. WE'RE WORKING AS FAST AS WE CAN. ED AND FRANK ARE GOING TO RAKE UP THE TIRE MARKS!
THIS IS ABOUT AS FAR AS WE CAN GO.. SHE'S BEGINNING TO SLIP. THE GROUND IS PLENTY SOFT.. WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?
JUMP OUT! WANT TO GO DOWN INTO THAT WATERY GRAVE?!
THE RADIO PATROL IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB..AND THEY WERE OUT TO FINISH THIS RUTHLESS GANG, AND SOON!
NO TRACE OF THAT TRUCK YET? O.K WE'LL CONTINUE ON THIS STRETCH OF THE HIGHWAY...SIGNING OFF..
I HOPE SAM PULLS THROUGH.. THAT SPECIALIST IN THE HOSPITAL HAD TO OPERATE AT ONCE!
THERE ARE EIGHTEEN DIRT ROAD CUT-OFFS BETWEEN HERE AND DOVER. THE TRUCK NEVER REACHED DOVER ACCORDING TO OUR LAST REPORT!
..RIGHT! THEY MUST HAVE USED ONE OF THESE ROADS.. THERE'S NO SIGN OF TRACKS HERE,.. LET'S GO TO THE NEXT ROAD!
HEY BARRY.. STOP THE CAR! THAT LOOKS LIKE A ROAD! IT ISN'T ON OUR MAP... AND WE ALMOST MISSED IT!
YOU'VE GOT SHARP EYES TEX! I COULDN'T SEE A TRACE OF A ROAD AS WE WERE DRIVING!
LOOK HERE, BARRY. THESE ARE FRESH TIRE TRACKS. BET THE HIJACKERS BROUGHT THE TRUCK UP IN THIS PLACE!
AND IT MUST BE VERY RECENT... THEY HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO REMOVE THE TRACKS, OR THEY FORGOT ABOUT THEM!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

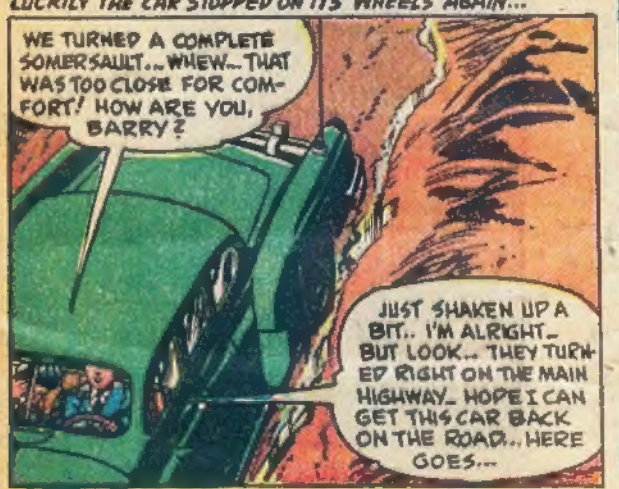
THIS ROAD LEADS TO THAT FARMHOUSE... LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY RECENTLY MADE THE ROADWAY.. WE BETTER LEAVE THE CAR HERE AND WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!
IT MAY LEAD TO A FARMHOUSE, BUT I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING DOWN MY SPINE IT WILL ALSO LEAD TO TROUBLE!
SUDDENLY, TWO MEN EMERGED FROM THE BRUSH..
WELL! WE GOT COMPANY... COPPERS NO LESS! FRANK, TAKE THEM BACK TO THE BOSS, I'M SURE HE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE THEM!
WE NEVER LIKE TO BE TOLD WHERE TO GO. ESPECIALLY BY BUMS LIKE YOU!
...SO YOU FELLOWS WILL HAVE TO TAKE ORDERS FROM US! HERE'S ONE.
YEAH! AND HERE'S MINE! LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN LIVING A SOFT LIFE... YOUR STOMACH'S LIKE BLUBBER!
OFFF!
THEY WERE SENT OUT TO FLATTEN OUT THE TIRE MARKS.. WE GOT HERE A LITTLE AHEAD OF THEIR SCHEDULE!
I GUESS WE BETTER PUT THE CUFFS ON THEM, THEN DUMP THEM INTO THE BACK OF OUR CAR!
COME ON YOU TWO.. GET INTO THE CAR, WE'LL TRY AND GET YOUR BUDDIES TO KEEP YOU COMPANY!
OUR BEST BET IS TO DRIVE UP TO THE FARMHOUSE. IT MUST BE THE HIJACKERS HEADQUARTERS!
AT LEAST YOU TWO BOYS MIGHT TELL ME YOUR NAMES... YOU DIDN'T MIND TALKING WHEN YOU HAD GUNS IN YOUR HANDS!
DROP DEAD COPPER.. YOU'LL FIND OUT WHO WE ARE WHEN WE SEE OUR LAWYER!
5

CRIME AND JUSTICE


THAT CAR IS TRYING TO RAM US! IT MUST BE THE REST OF THE HIJACKERS...THIS ROAD IS TOO NARROW FOR TWO CARS!
WE'VE GOT TO HOLD TIGHT! IF I COULD ONLY GET OFF THIS ROAD TO AVOID A HEAD ON COLLISION!
SUDDENLY, A BIG BLACK CAR RACES TOWARDS THEM...


...AND THE ONLY WAY TO DO IT IS TO GET OFF THE ROAD... HOLD TIGHT, TEX! HERE WE GO...
THE GANG IS TRYING TO KILL US. MIKE MUST KNOW WE'RE IN THIS CAR. WHY THE DIRTY DOUBLE CROSS...

...THE SECONDS THAT FOLLOWED WERE FURIOUS...BUT LUCKILY THE CAR STOPPED ON ITS WHEELS AGAIN...


WE TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT... WHEW... THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! HOW ARE YOU, BARRY?
JUST SHAKEN UP A BIT.. I'M ALRIGHT.. BUT LOOK... THEY TURNED RIGHT ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY.. HOPE I CAN GET THIS CAR BACK ON THE ROAD.. HERE GOES...

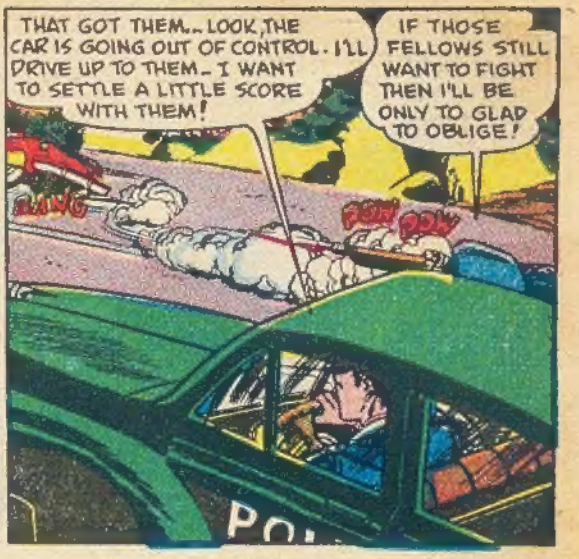
SEE IF YOU CAN HIT THEIR TIRES OR GAS TANK... USE THE RIFLE, IT'S MORE ACCURATE AT THIS RANGE...
RIGHT... KEEP TO THE CENTER OF THE ROAD... I'LL TRY FOR THE GAS TANK!

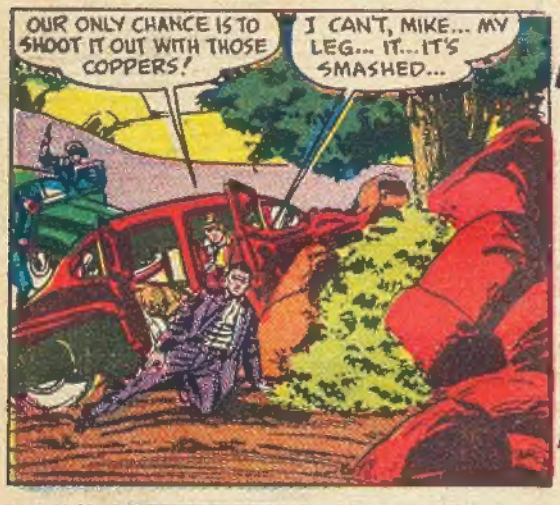
I CAN'T AIM VERY WELL AT THE SPEED WE ARE TRAVELING... SEEMS TO ME THEY'RE OUTDISTANCING US... STEP ON IT!!!
STEP ON IT? I'M DOWN TO THE FLOOR-BOARD NOW. THEY MUST HAVE A SOUPED UP ENGINE IN THAT CAR. IT'S FAST!!!
POLICE

IF WE GO UP OVER THIS HILL WE'LL SAVE TIME... IT MEETS THIS HIGHWAY AGAIN!
THEN HOLD TIGHT BACK THERE... YOU FELLOWS ARE GOING TO GET THE BUMPING OF YOUR LIVES!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

WE MADE IT... AND JUST IN TIME, TOO! THERE THEY ARE... AIM FOR THEIR TIRES WITH YOUR RIFLE... WE'LL STOP THEM THIS TIME!
RIGHT! IT'S STILL A LONG SHOT.. BUT I'LL GET THE TIRES THIS TIME... REMEMBER WHAT THEY DID TO SAM...


THAT GOT THEM... LOOK, THE CAR IS GOING OUT OF CONTROL. I'LL DRIVE UP TO THEM.. I WANT TO SETTLE A LITTLE SCORE WITH THEM!
IF THOSE FELLOWS STILL WANT TO FIGHT THEN I'LL BE ONLY TO GLAD TO OBLIGE!
BANG
POW! POW



MIKE THOUGHT HE COULD SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE RADIO PATROL, BUT SOON FOUND OUT HOW WRONG HE WAS...

SMASHED OR NOT... YOU'RE YELLOW.. I'LL FINISH YOU COPPERS.. I- OHHH... I'M HIT!!! DON'T SHOOT AGAIN... I-I- GIVE UP... MY ARM... OWWW...
DON'T SHOOT! I QUIT.. H-HERE'S MY GUN...
HAD ENOUGH, BOYS? DROP THOSE GUNS, AND PRONTO!

I GUESS WE HAVE A FULL HOUSE... BETTER CALL UP FOR THE PADDY-WAGON THIS IS MORE THAN WE EXPECTED!
RIGHT! AND MAYBE I CAN GET SOME NEWS OF SAM... IT BETTER NOT BE BAD.. OR THEY'LL BURN FOR THIS!

...AND SOON AT HEADQUARTERS WE FOUND OUT ABOUT SAM... HIS OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS.. BUT... WE HAD PLENTY ON THE GANG TO KEEP THEM IN JAIL FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS...

YOU BOTH DID A SWELL JOB... GETTING THE WHOLE GANG. IT WAS MORE THAN I EXPECTED!... AND AS USUAL THEY'LL ALL BE READY TO SING AGAINST THE OTHER...
THANKS, CHIEF, WE WOULD LIKE TO VISIT SAM IN THE HOSPITAL IF WE MAY AND TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS..

IN THE NEXT ISSUE... ADVENTURE AND CRIME AGAIN RIDE SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE RADIO PATROL.

The End

CRIME FACTS

EVIDENCE AS TO THE OCCUPATION AND PART OF THE COUNTRY A MAN MAY COME FROM IS USUALLY FOUND IN DUST AND OTHER PARTICLES WHICH COLLECT IN HIS TROUSER CUFFS.

HIT AND RUN KILLERS ARE QUICKLY TRACED BY MICROSCOPIC EXAMINATION OF PAINT FLECKS ON THE CLOTHES OF A VICTIM. IT TELLS THE POLICE THE COLOR, EXACT YEAR AND MAKE OF CAR.

SINCE THE AMOUNT AND GRADATION OF WEAR THAT DIFFERENT PERSONS PUT ON A PAIR OF SHOES IS NEVER THE SAME, IT CAN SAFELY BE PROVEN THAT THE PERSON WAS PRESENT AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME BY MATCHING IT TO ANY SHOE PRINT THAT MAY BE FOUND THERE.

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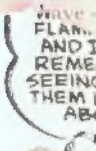

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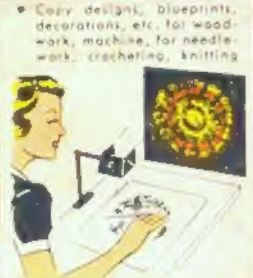

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